

1927, May, en route Kansas City.

E--2677-1

Letter to wife of May 6 from Kansas City:

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"I had a pleasant ride, a good supper and night to Chicago last Monday, although the coach was rather too warm. Reached Chicago Tuesday morning about 9 a.m. Chicago has daylight saving time so that the hour there was the same as in Washington because of its position west of Washington, although railroad time was an hour earlier.

"About half-past ten I went to Mr. Murray's office, which is in a 22-story building that covers an entire city block. He was expecting me and we had a nice visit together. He took the day off to go about with me. He introduced me to the members of the firm for which he is working, with the statement that if I had continued as chief of bureau nothing could have induced him to leave it. Shortly before noon we met Mrs. Murray down town and had luncheon together. Then we rode on top of a two-story bus up along the lake front and back. Mr. Murray is happy in his work, gets twice the salary the department paid him, and a nice present from the firm at Christmas. Last winter the firm asked him to make another trip to Argentina and when he hesitated told him to take Mrs. Murray along, spare no expense and have a good time---and they did. They have bought a home in the suburbs about twelve miles from his office Donald, who was threatened with tuberculosis, and one of his sisters are employed in the Food Research Laboratory of the University of California. The other daughter is taking art lessons in Chicago. I am inclosing a letter addressed to you on the Vandyke by Mrs. Murray that was returned ~~an~~ and Mr. Murray gave it to me. He said the children fixed up a little present for Otis and Thelma, one for each day of the voyage, which also were returned undelivered, much to their disappointment. Mr. Murray and I had a light supper together and he saw me to the train. He said that Dr. Jones passed through Chicago the day before I arrived.

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"On the train that evening a former employee of the Bureau of Animal Industry recognized me and we spent ^{several hours} ~~the evening~~ together in the club smoker.

"Wednesday morning I woke up in western Missouri amid a succession of green wheat fields and groves of trees newly leaved out. Soon we ~~crossed~~ ^{reached} the Missouri River, which was full but not out of banks. We arrived at Kansas City about 8 o'clock and I came to the ~~Baltimore~~ ^{Biltmore} Hotel, which proved to be the headquarters of the International Wheat Pool Conference.

"After getting settled in a room I went to the Conference and was admitted and given a badge. About 200 members are present, some from Canada, Australia, Russia, and from each of our nine winter wheat stages. I have sat through speeches and discussions for three solid days and am getting just a little tired of it all--fed up, as it were---although there are some interesting men present, including the Governors of two ~~Can~~ Canadian Provinces, and some of the speeches and discussions have been interesting. Last night there was a banquet and Secretary Jardine was the principal speaker. After it was over I went up to the Secretary to say good by and he expressed regret that he was unable to be present at the luncheon at the Cosmos Club last week and wished me bon voyage. I have met a number of old friends and acquaintances here.

"I had some trouble with my baggage. In the first place my trunk was not at the station when I left last Monday afternoon. I checked the big suitcase through to Kansas City so as not to be bothered with it en route. The agent at Washington agreed to see that the trunk went out by next train. On arrival here I got the trunk all right but had to wait nearly a day for the suitcase.

"The Convention will close tomorrow afternoon and I shall leave tomorrow night for Mexico, crossing Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, to the

On the train that evening a former employee of the Bureau of Animal Industry recognized me and we spent the night together in the club motor.

Wednesday morning I woke up in western Missouri and a discussion of grain wheat fields and groves of trees newly planted out. Soon we crossed the Missouri River, which was full but not out of banks. We arrived at Kansas City about 8 o'clock and I came to the Elkhorn Hotel, which proved to be the headquarters of the International Wheat Pool Conference.

After getting settled in a room I went to the Conference and was admitted and given a badge. About 800 members are present, some from Canada, Australia, Russia, and from each of our nine winter wheat states. I have not through speeches and discussions for three solid days and am getting just a little tired of it all--but up, as it were--although there are some interesting men present, including the Governors of two Canadian Provinces, and some of the speeches and discussions have been interesting. Last night there was a banquet and Secretary Larkin was the principal speaker. After it was over I went up to the Secretary to say good by and he expressed regret that he was unable to be present at the luncheon at the Common Club last week and wished me bon voyage. I have met a number of old friends and acquaintances here.

I had some trouble with my baggage. In the first place my trunk was not at the station when I left last Monday afternoon. I checked the baggage through to Kansas City so as not to be bothered with it en route. The agent at Washington agreed to see that the trunk went out by next train. On arrival here I got the trunk all right but had to wait nearly a day for the baggage.

The Convention will close tomorrow afternoon and I shall leave for my home night for Mexico, crossing Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, to the

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border at Laredo, which I shall reach Monday morning and Mexico City that evening. I stole away from the meeting before it closed late this afternoon especially to write this letter, fearing I might not have time tomorrow.

"I have seen nothing of the city except on entering because I have been so completely tied up with meetings. Besides, it has been cloudy, rather cool, and showery and gloomy outside all the time since my arrival. I am told that Kansas City has a population of about half a million, has a beautiful residential section, fine boulevards and parks, and is the second market in importance for wheat and livestock.

"And now dearies, I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my visit home, how I enjoyed looking into your smiling faces, and the good things I had to eat; how much I hated to break away and leave you for the long journey that will separate us for more than a year, or how much I shall long to see you again. It is something that I will carry with me from day to day and that will be a joy to me during my long absence. I am consoled only by the thought that we are all well and that each day will bring us that much nearer to a reunion.

"I shall hope to find a letter from each of you at Mexico City.

"With love and kisses for each one of you, from

Daddy.

Extract from letter to the Secretary General of the

International Institute of Agriculture, dated May 12,
at Mexico City:

x x x x

"Wednesday to Saturday, May 4-7, Kansas City. As requested by the Institute I attended as an observer all meetings of the International Wheat Pool Congress. About ²⁰⁰~~200~~ delegates were present, representing the wheat pool marketing organizations of the three principal wheat

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provinces of Canada, the nine principal wheat growing States of the United States, three provinces of Australia, and the Wheat Export Corporation of Russia.

On May 4 preliminary meetings of the American delegates were held to present and discuss reports of progress. On May 5 the Congress organized with Mr. C. H. Burnell as Chairman and Mr. George W. Robertson as Secretary, both representing Canadian wheat pools, together with committees on credentials and resolutions. Immediately following the organization of the Congress until the evening of the 7th there was a succession of addresses and discussions in accordance with the program, a copy of which is inclosed. I also inclose clippings from the press which outline in a general way the proceedings of the Congress.

Briefly, it appeared from the discussions that the wheat pools of Canada, Australia and the United States were organized since 1920, based mainly on the plan of the cooperative marketing organizations of California, the essential features of which are ^{that} ~~the~~ only growers can be members and stockholders, that each member can have only one vote, that each member sign a contract to deliver his product to the cooperative society for a period of years, usually five, under severe legal penalties for any violation of contract, the marketing of the combined product through a general selling agency, the ownership of the physical facilities for handling the product, the payment of proceeds by instalments to the members, and the payment of dividends to members when profits are realized in proportion to their deliveries. The plan has proved most successful in Canada where in 1926 more than half the entire wheat crop was pooled, handled and marketed through a central marketing agency. The Canadian delegates reported that the operation of the pooling system in 1925 and 1926 was highly successful and satisfactory. The Canadian organizations became strong enough financially to purchase or to build their own elevators, both line and terminal, thus becoming independent of private systems, and to maintain

selling agencies in practically all wheat importing countries, which enables them to sell their product direct to consuming mills. The enormous volume of grain handled has enabled them to obtain advantageous ocean freight rates, to regulate the flow of wheat and to a considerable extent to stabilize prices in Canada. Furthermore, they claim that it is a distinct advantage for farmers to receive part payment for their wheat when it is delivered with which to pay expenses of harvesting, part payment just before seeding time, and part payment before the next harvest. This system has enabled farmers to keep out of debt better than the old system of "dumping" the entire crop on the market immediately after harvest, thereby depressing the price, and obtaining full payment at one time with the temptation to spend it all and again go into debt before the next harvest. The system has been somewhat less successful in Australia and still less successful in the United States, owing mainly to the difficulty of getting a sufficient number of members and a sufficient volume of wheat to effect real economies in service and compete successfully with the established systems.

"Throughout all the discussions at this Congress the wheat pooling system was described and referred to simply as a new method of cooperative marketing which would regulate the flow of products to markets in accordance with demand, which would prevent "dumping," substitute more efficient methods of handling products, eliminate unnecessary middlemen, retain control of the product in the hands of cooperative organizations of growers, and remove control from the hands of men who have no interest in the producers or in the product other than profits; to eliminate speculation, stabilize prices, and return to the growers a larger share of the prices paid by consumers without raising materially the prices to consumers.

"The question of forming an international pooling organization and obtaining virtual monopoly of the world wheat supply with a view to raising

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prices was mentioned several times. However, the consensus of opinion was to the effect that a world wide organization to control wheat supply and prices was neither desirable nor practicable, but that cooperation between national organizations is both desirable and practicable; that such a monopoly of the wheat supply of the world as to give virtual control is not practicable; that the material raising of the prices of wheat and other bread grains that consumers have to pay is not desirable and would not have the support of producers generally; but that it is highly desirable, as a simple matter of justice and to insure ample production, that producers of wheat and other bread grains should receive on the average the cost of production and something more that will be comparable with the returns received by producers in other industries.

x x x x

After considerable discussion a resolution was passed at the last meeting directing the International Committee to investigate ways and means of bringing about cooperation among national wheat pooling organizations, such as the establishment of a central office which would act as a clearing house for information concerning the organization and ~~opt~~ operation of grain pools, world statistics of production, supply, demand, movement, prices, etc. This resolution was really the only construction^{ve} action taken by the Congress. The Congress adjourned with expressions of confidence in the future growth and success of the cooperative system of marketing.

x x x

As an observer I had no opportunity to participate in the discussions. After adjournment I thanked the president and the secretary for their courtesy in permitting a representative of the Institute to attend their meetings. The secretary promised to send several copies of the official report of the Congress to the Institute as soon as it is ready for distribution.

x x x

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Letter to Mother of May 13, Mexico City:

" Dear Mother:

" Your welcome letter of May 5 was the only communication I found waiting for me at the American Consulate. I am glad you were able to spend a few days in Washington before and after I left. It was a great pleasure to me to have you with us and I suspect it was an agreeable change for you. My recollection is that my last letter was to wifey from Kansas City the day before the Wheat Congress closed on the 7th.

x x x x

" The Congress closed late Saturday afternoon, May 7, and I left the same evening for the City of Mexico, via Muskogee, Dallas, San Antonio, and Laredo.

" All day Sunday we were riding through southern Oklahoma and northern and central Texas. ~~There having been~~ ^{had fallen and} abundant rains the country looked more beautiful than I had ever seen it--like a great park or garden. In Oklahoma and North Texas wheat was jointing up and corn ^{was} about six inches high. In central Texas and southward wheat was heading out, corn was from knee to waist high, and cotton ^{was} up to a good stand. Everywhere prairies and pastures were a luxuriant green, groves and isolated trees beautiful in fresh spring foliage, and through Texas the wild flowers were in full bloom. I saw acres and acres of wild poppies, gorgeous ~~gal~~ gaillardias, Kansas gay feather, daisies, buttercups, blackeyed Susans, verbenas, larkspurs, and many other flowers that I could not identify from the moving train.

" I changed cars at San Antonio and woke up the next morning at Laredo on the Texas side of the Rio Grande. Laredo is a straggling city, partly Mexican, and very hot. I was ~~told~~ told that the thermometer registered 111 degrees in the shade the day before. The river was very low and narrow.

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Letter to Mother of May 10, Mexico City:

Dear Mother:

"Your welcome letter of May 5 was the only communication I found waiting for me at the United Consulate. I am glad you were able to spend a few days in Washington before and after I left. It was a great pleasure to me to have you with us and I enjoyed it very much. My recollection is that my last letter was to write from Kansas City the day before the first Congress closed on the 10th.



"The Congress closed late Saturday afternoon, May 9, and I left the same evening for the City of Mexico, via Kansas, Dallas, San Antonio, and Mexico.

"All day Sunday we were riding through northern Oklahoma and north-
ern and central Texas. ~~There is a vast~~ ^{and fertile} country here
ed more beautiful than I had ever seen it--like a great park or garden.
In Oklahoma and North Texas what was pointing up and coming about the
thence north. In central Texas and southward what was heading out, coming
was from there to west high, and north to a good stand. Everywhere
prairies and pastures were a luxuriant green, groves and isolated trees
beautiful in the spring foliage, and through Texas the wild flowers
were in full bloom. I saw acres and acres of wild poppies, numerous
red California, Kansas, Texas, and many other flowers that I could not name
tily from the moving train.

"I changed cars at San Antonio and rode up the next morning at
Parado on the Texas side of the Rio Grande. Parado is a picturesque
partly Mexican, and very hot. I was told that the thermometer re-
lated 117 degrees in the shade the day before. The river was very low
and narrow.

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* The train stopped on the international bridge and our baggage was examined by the U.S. officials. It was a quick examination and soon over. On the other side, at Neuva Laredo, the train was held up for three hours and passengers and their baggage were subjected to the most strict and rigorous examination I have seen in any country except Russia. Every passenger was required, in addition to his U.S. passport, to show a special passport from a Mexican Consul, with two photographs attached, and a certificate of vaccination. My office at Washington failed to provide me with these papers or to give me any hint as to the requirements. I therefore had to be vaccinated and to bluff my way through by telling the officials that as director of the world agricultural census for the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, of which the Mexican government is a member, and having a special U. S. passport, I am a "diplomatico" with the right to enter any country and therefore they had no right to stop me. They oblidgingly accepted this statement and let me through. Then every article of my baggage was examined and my only difficulty was with a new pair of shoes, which they suggested I transfer from my trunk to a suitcase, and when I did so they let me bring them in. Then the trunk and suitcases were sealed, the suitcases with pieces of paper and the trunk with metal seals, which I was not allowed to break for an hour or more of travel in the interior.

* For two days and a night we were travelling from the boundary to Mexico City, the entire distance being through a mountainous, semi-arid desert country. The towns were mostly small, generally simply a railway station and a village somewhere in the neighborhood, with small adobe (mud) houses or huts of straw, and the people seemed undersized and poor. The men usually wore a blouse or shirt, trousers, rough shoes, and enormous straw hats. The women wore old-fashioned dresses with skirts reaching to the heels and a thin, black shawl thrown over the head or about the shoulders. The crops looked very poor and grow only where there is irrigation.

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However, even the irrigated sections looked dried up, as if the water supply was insufficient. Wheat was ripe and in some places cut and in the shock. Corn was about a foot high and shriveled from heat and lack of moisture. I saw a few fields of alfalfa but no cotton.

About the villages were small vegetable gardens. Immense areas are planted to maguagy, a sort of century plant with thick fleshy leaves, each with a sharp spine at the tip. When the plants reach a certain size the center is cut out and a cavity is made from which the sap is collected and from which is made various alcoholic drinks, said to be strong enough to bring a mummy to life or make a wooden Indian go on the warpath. I saw very few cattle, sheep, horses, mules, or other domestic animals, except goats, and all were in poor condition. The few dogs I saw were mere skeletons. I saw no rabbits or other sign of wild life except a few crows and buzzards. The contrast between the luxuriant vegetation of Oklahoma and Texas and the portion of Mexico I saw from the train was most striking.

The train took with it a company of soldiers as a guard against hold-ups by bandits--there having been two quite recently. At one of the stations I took some snap-shots, including one of the military guard, and was promptly warned by the captain that photographing any part of the military forces of Mexico is a crime and I was subject to arrest. I plead ignorance of the law and upon my promise not to transgress in future he let me off.

In my next letter I shall write about what I have seen in the City of Mexico. The first steamer leaving for Cuba does not leave Vera Cruz until the 21st, so I shall be here longer than I expected.

Among the anecdotes I heard at the Wheat Congress I noted the following:

One of the speakers cautioned the Congree not to go too fast--like the man who rushed out of doors and met himself coming back.

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To illustrate the enmity that sometimes exists between farmer neighbors another speaker related the story of Isaac and Jacob, two Jews who had been mortal enemies ^{and} rivals for many years and who finally had a fight and got locked up in jail. That night a fairy came to Isaac and told him he might have one wish, but with the understanding that whatever he wished for Jacob would have twice as much. Said Isaac, "So, if I wish for ten stores, Jacob will get twenty?" "Yes," said the fairy. "And if I wish for a million dollars, Jacob will get two million?" "Yes," said the fairy. "Then, in that case, I wish for one glass eye," said Isaac.

To illustrate the wrong kind of artificial stimulant another speaker related the story of the little mouse that found its way into the cellar of a distillery--in the good old wet days--got its feet in a puddle of whiskey, licked them dry, liked the taste--did it again and liked it better--did it some more till he was full and feeling so fine that he dashed up stairs, looked about and yelled at the top of his squeaky voice, "Where's that damned cat."

I hope this will find you all well. With love.

Lee "

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I recall that while in Kansas City I purchased a tobacco pouch and had a nonbreakable crystal put in my watch. When I asked what made the crystal unbreakable the dealer said it was not glass but transparent celluloid. Also one evening I went to a variety show where I saw eight or ten pretty dancing girls in tights walk out on a bridge-like structure to the center of the theater, pose and posture for the entertainment of the audience. During the wheat conference I was photographed and interviewed several times by newspaper correspondents.

At the banquet following the conference one of the delegates from New Zealand gave his impressions of the United States. He said that the thing that impressed him most was his visit to the great manufacturies of farm machinery at Moline, Illinois, where he saw near the factories several vacant lots packed solidly with automobiles and was told that they belonged to the workmen. He said he did not believe any other country in the world had workmen who could afford to own automobiles.

✓ (Dragoni, May 12, Mex. City., yellow folder.

✓ (Mother, May 13, same.

(Wife, May 16, same.

(Longobardi, May ^{May} 17, same.

(Tenney, same.

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Letter to Wife of May 16, Mexico City:

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"My last letter ~~to~~ was to mother on the 13th. I had hopes for a letter from 1026 but none has reached me. No news is good news, so I assume that all is well with you.

"I reached Mexico City last Tuesday evening. Wednesday I called at the American Consulate and at the American Embassy and arranged for appointments with the Mexican officials the following day.

"Thursday I visited the National Department of Statistics and was shown over the entire establishment. On returning to the office of the Chief I was called upon to face a battery of cameras and group and single pictures were taken that appeared in the newspapers the following day. The chief had one of my pictures enlarged to be framed and hung in his office. That afternoon I was interviewed twice by representatives of the local press.

"Friday I had another conference at the Statistical Department, after which the chief, Sr. Bojorquez, took me over the city in his car and we visited the Castillo de Chapultepec, the White House of Mexico, situated on a high hill in the center of a large park at the end of a magnificent avenue. From the balcony of the castle one has a fine view of the great City of Mexico spread out below and of the mountains that encircle the valley. Unfortunately the air was so hazy that I could not see the tops of Popocatepetl and Ixtacihautl, both about 17,000 feet high. I was shown through the rooms of the castle, but although the carpets, tapestry, furniture and ornamentation were rich and beautiful, I preferred the view outside with its suggestion of what the city and country looked like when the Spanish conquistadores under Cortez entered it in 1519.

"The park surrounding the castle is a large and beautiful one, with magnificent trees, some of them twelve feet in diameter and nearly two hundred feet high, with lakes, fountains, drives, walks, shrubbery and

flower gardens. We drove around and through the park and visited some of the beauty spots afoot. One of them is a beautiful fountain dedicated to Cervantes, or Don Quixote, with a platform and low walls of blue and white tile, and on each tile is a picture in colors illustrating some scene or character of the great book. In recesses on two sides of the fountain are shelves of books that have been written about Cervantes and his immortal work, and a number of people were reading them. About the fountain are trees, shrubs, and flowers, and it was very pleasant to listen to the splashing of the water in the fountain and the singing of birds in the trees. I thought it was a most appropriate way in which to honor a great author and his work.

"Saturday, in company with the Chief of the Department of Statistics and the chief of the Bureau of Statistics and Economics of the same department, I visited the Department of Agriculture, which also has a Bureau of Agricultural Economics, and its organization and work were explained to me. Later we had an interview with the Minister of Agriculture who promised cooperation in the census project and issued instructions that I should be shown everything and given all the information I might ask for. That same afternoon a bale of publications was sent to my room.

"I forgot to say that Friday on returning from the park we stopped at a cafe, heard some native music and sampled some native drinks. Because I expressed approbation of one of them my hostess presented me with a "barrillito de tequilo" and sent it to my hotel. "Tequilo" is a kind of brandy made from the maguay plant. The "barrillito" is a small keg of oak and holds about a gallon. Sorry I can't send the little barrel and its contents to friends in the U.S.

"Sunday I was taken with a party of officials in an auto over the city and out to the foothills ~~of~~ of the mountains to Xochimilco, ~~a~~ distance of about twenty miles. Here a great spring issues from the ground and is pumped through an aqueduct to the city. The water is pure and sufficient

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in volume to supply more than a million inhabitants. There was once a lake here, but it has been filled in until now it is a series of canals and islands. The soil is rich and is devoted to market gardens and flowers. It is also a pleasure resort and there are many pavilions and club houses and restaurants. The canals ^{were} ~~are~~ full of small, flat boats, each with a long pine table in the center, rows of chairs on either side, and a canopy over head. The boats are hung with festoons of flowers and are propelled by Indians with poles. It was a gay sight. Our party had one of these boats and we were poled through the canals and among the islands for several hours. We had an orchestra of eight musicians in native costumes and they played and sang many beautiful Mexican songs. We were supplied with ample liquid refreshments. Our boat attracted much attention and a fleet of other boats followed to hear the music.

"Early in the afternoon we stopped at a small pavilion that had been specially decorated for us and here we had a nice dinner of Mexican dishes, accompanied with music by the orchestra. I am sending you a picture that was taken of me with one of the large Mexican hats and a native shawl. I will send a larger one in a separate envelope. The canal was ~~77~~ full of Indians paddling canoes or small boats, some of them full to the brim with bright flowers and others with fruits and native foods and drinks. These natives, small, dark Indians or half-breeds, look and are said to be very poor. Their garden plots are small and the flowers and vegetables they grow sell for almost nothing. For five cents of our money one can buy a hundred fresh carnations. One can hire a man and a boat all day for about fifty cents. They live in little huts of mud brick or of cane woven together. Men, women, and children go barefooted.

"The road to the city was very poor in places. The soil is a black, sandy loam and appears to be very rich. I saw some fine fields of alfalfa. In order to save time and space the island gardeners start their corn in nursery beds for transplanting as soon as the ground is cleared of other

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crops.

" Some beautiful suburbs have been laid out around the city, but because of great business depression there is very little new building.

" Last week it was uncomfortably warm and the papers spoke of the unprecedented heat. It is the beginning of the rainy season and it has rained every day for the last five days and I am told there will be daily showers for the next four months. The city is 7,500 feet above sea level and the climate is trying to a newcomer. For several days I was troubled with bleeding at the nose and I feel sleepy all the time.

" This morning I was personally conducted by a professor of archeology through the National Museum. This afternoon I took tea with the American Consul and his wife. Also I bought transportation to Vera Cruz and Havana. Will sail Friday, the 20th, on the Holland-American S.S. Spaarn-
dam, and should reach Havana the following Monday.

" Hope I will find letters from home waiting for me at Havana.

Love to all from

Daddy.

Letter to Wife of May 26 from Havana:

" Dear Mommie and Niñas:

" I have had no opportunity to write since a week ago Monday at Mexico City when I told about the excursion and banquet at Xochimilco.

" The next day I spent with an archeological statistician inspecting the National Museum. It is full of curious relics of the old Aztec civilization and includes many crude statues of men and animals, and especially of great coiled snakes; also a number of stone altars on which human beings were sacrificed, with a receptacle to catch the blood and into which were thrown the hearts torn from living bodies. It also contains a good collection of stone implements, jems, gold ornaments, basket and pottery work, and objects of historical interest illustrating the costumes and weapons of the

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Indians and of the Spanish Conquistadores. Some of the most interesting objects to me were the manuscripts and pictograms on paper made from the maguay plant that were found by the early Spaniards and preserved and translated by some of their priests.

Tuesday forenoon I spent in conference with government officials and shortly after~~n~~oon we drove in motor cars about thirty miles to inspect the National Agricultural School at Chapingo. Unfortunately it was a cold rainy day. The road ran through the suburbs of Mexico City, some of which are modern and beautiful, and some "barrios" or sections built up with the shanties and huts of poor people and inexpressably dirty. Then out over a good hard road for some fifteen miles, after which the road became very rough. The country was perfectly flat, marshy, in some places covered with shallow water several miles across, and almost treeless. Where the soil was not under water it looked black and rich. The last half of the road was bordered with an avenue of large pepper trees. It must be remembered that the entire floor of the valley in which the City of Mexico is situated was once a large shallow lake surrounded by ~~mon~~ mountains. One of the mountains that we passed is a mass of porous brick-red stone, evidently volcanic in origin and full of iron. It makes good building stone and is much used for that purpose. At no time during my stay in Mexico was the weather clear enough to permit me to see the great Popocatepetl, one of the high mountains of the world.

Arrived at Chapingo we found a large establishment. It contains many thousands of acres of land, a fine old mansion, once the home of a former President of the Republic, a magnificent park of trees and shrubs--full of singing birds--and many buildings in good condition. It has laboratories, dormitories, infirmaries, and a good stock of modern farm machinery, including steam plows, tractors, harvesters, and threshing machines. This school means much for Mexico, because primitive wooden plows and other implements are still in general use. For many years this was the only

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agricultural school in Mexico, but last year four others were established and this year three more will be established in different parts of the country.

"At about two o'clock we sat down to^a luncheon of Mexican dishes and fruits, most of which I cannot describe--there were so many in succession. One of the dishes was roast wild pig. Of the fruits I remember chayotes, mamaes, and mangoes, which last I liked best. They are about the size of a large pear, banana yellow, with a large pit inside, flesh something like a canteloupe, and a delicious flavor.

"After luncheon we had a concert by about twenty of the young men students. They had excellent voices and sang Mexican songs to the accompaniment of a piano, and led by Dr. Talavera, who is a composer of many popular songs, and is bright, animated, and witty.

"Then we went on a tour of inspection of the buildings and equipment. The last to be visited was a small chapel in process of completion. The interesting thing about it is the very remarkable mural paintings which cover the entire inner surface. They are by the most famous of young Mexican painters, Sr. Don Diego Rivera. The figures are typically Mexican, the colors are soft browns, reds, yellows, and blues, and the whole makes a strong impression. We returned to the hotel before dark.

"Wednesday, the 18th. I first completed arrangements for departure the following day. This included transferring a bale of official publications that had been presented to me and the small "barrillito de Tequila" (Mexican brandy made from maguay) to the American Consulate for disposition. Sorry I could not absorb all the "tequila" but it was beyond my capacity in the time available and I could not take it with me. Then to the bank to change Mexican gold for silver coins--about a pound in weight--with which to pay my hotel bill. Then a conference at the National Department of Statistics, followed by an automobile trip to the National Forestry Nurseries near the city. It was a beautiful place of about twenty-five

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acres planted to seedling trees, mostly acacias, conifers, pepper and ash. ~~The~~ Ash trees grow to great size in the Valley of Mexico, some of them being three feet in diameter and nearly a hundred feet high. The place was divided and protected by magnificent hedges of trimmed arborvitae, the best I have seen.

In the afternoon I had a long conference with officials of the Department of Agriculture. The archeological statistician presented me with one of the few remaining copies of a facsimile edition of the Codice Mendocino, which I mailed to Washington. It contains literally thousands of pictograms and hieroglyphics which show the kind and quantity of products with which taxes were paid to the Aztec Emperor Moctezuma and later to the Spanish conquerors. These pictures show that taxes were paid in cotton, corn and other grains, beans, fruits and nuts, clothing, arms, jewels, utensils, alcoholic drinks, feathers, skins, weapons, live eagles for the emperor's zoological garden, etc. Some of the pictures illustrate the Aztec law which prohibited men from getting drunk before they were sixty years old under penalty of being stoned to death. After sixty they could get drunk and the law required their relatives to look after them so they would not come to harm. Another picture shows a man and a woman being stoned to death for the crime of adultery.

In the evening I was entertained at the home of the chief of the National Department of Statistics, Señor Don Juan de Dios Bojorquez. ~~Señor~~ Señora Bojorquez had visited Los Angeles and could understand a little English. Present also were Sr. Mondragon, ~~Son~~ of a former Minister of War and now an opera singer and director of a native orchestra that tours the U.S. every winter--(said he cleared \$50,000 last winter, and is naturally an enthusiastic admirer of the United States); Sr. Miguel Lerdo Talavera, musical composer who was in the U.S. last year to sing for the Victor Phonograph Co.; and Prof. Juan Silva Herzog, Chief of the Bureau of

(1927, May, Havana)

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Statistical Economics. The musicians of the party played and sang many of their compositions which were all very pleasing. We had a nice supper of native dishes, including two kinds of tamales, a nice ripe red watermelon, mangoes, wines and liquers. I was taken back to the hotel near midnight.

Thursday morning I was up and down stairs early to settle my bill and found Srs. Bojorquez and Mondragon waiting for me. They accompanied me to the railway station and attended to all the details of getting my baggage on the train. The train left at 7.05 a.m. and Sr. Mondragon accompanied me all the way to Vera Cruz where we arrived at 7.35 p.m., the distance being about 240 miles. We had a comfortable Pullman observation car and diner. *P* The first 50 or 60 miles was over a level plain, largely devoted to maguay, the giant plant from which various alcoholic drinks are obtained, with mountains in view from every side. This plain is of the same general character as the Valley of Mexico which, by the way, is 7,500 to 8,000 feet above sea level, with mountains sticking up above it from 2,000 to 10,000 feet higher. *P* The next 100 miles or so was through the mountains themselves. The valleys are generally narrow, but in some of them I saw some very large fine plantations. The country east of the City of Mexico is entirely different in character from the semi-arid country to the north. The mountains in this direction are sparsely covered with pine trees, some of them quite large. The soil is generally sandy and dark in color. The people live in small villages of adobe huts and not on the farms. Most of the plows are very primitive and are pulled by skinny oxen or poor little donkeys. The mountains are very picturesque and there are some deep gorges with torrents and waterfalls at the bottom. In one place within a distance of perhaps fifteen miles the train descends from a height of more than 8,000 feet to the 5,000 foot level, making almost a complete circle along the sides of steep mountains in order to reach the valley below. *P* The last sixty miles or so is out over a fairly

level but slightly undulating coastal plain. All the afternoon we rode through tropical vegetation and saw many coffee and sugar plantations. Some of the tropical trees were masses of gorgeous red or yellow blossoms. At the little stations native, barefoot women brought baskets of tropical fruits and flowers to sell to the passengers. At one point in the mountains we passed through a zone ten or fifteen miles wide infested with langosta (wild locusts). In the air they were as thick as a swarm of bees as far as one could see and the ground was completely covered with them. The locusts are a terrible scourge in many parts of Mexico because they devour in a few days all the cultivated crops.

"The day was excessively hot, and still hotter when we reached Vera Cruz. We went to the best hotel, the Imperial, which was about like the hotels in country towns in our southern states thirty or more years ago. It had no porter and we had to get a man from the street to carry the baggage to our rooms. In front of the hotel was an open square or plaza, with bandstand, trees and benches, and two very old picturesque cathedrals on two sides. Vera Cruz is said to have about 50,000 inhabitants and it ~~da~~ dates back to the days of the Spanish Conquistadores and figures much in the lore of pirates and buccaneers. It was here that Cortez landed with his cut-throat followers.

"Friday, the 20th, we spent all the forenoon in getting me and my baggage aboard the "Spaardam" bound for Havana, Lisbon and Rotterdam. It all took time in spite of the fact that the customs and immigration officials had orders from their superiors at Mexico City to pass me without inspection. In fact, as with all other Mexican officials I met, they were very cordial and courteous.

"The ship was scheduled to sail at 2 p.m. but did not get away until after 8 p.m. It was excessively hot and no steamer chairs could be obtained until late in the afternoon, so it was very uncomfortable. However, when the boat finally got under way there was a fine breeze. Just at

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sunset we could see the romantic and mysterious mountain peaks against the skyline to the west. Then as night fell we watched the receding lights of Vera Cruz along the water front, which were very pretty.

"The "Spaardam" is a damn freighter and damn slow--in fact, mostly "dam." It can accommodate only a few first class passengers in the officers quarters. There were several interesting passengers on board; a retired French merchant, who is thoroughly disgusted with the situation in Mexico; a Spanish doctor who was full to overflowing with what he saw on a recent trip to the Argentine; a young Cuban, who was equally enthusiastic about Havana; and a young Polish journalist who has traveled around the world for his government in connection with emmigration matters. The rest of the passengers are going third class in another part of the ship. The officers and crew are Dutch and most of them speak English.

"We were three days and nights on the water, facing a strong northeast winds and a choppy sea. Saw no ships and only a few flying fish. The only bird I saw was a pigeon twenty miles out at sea off the coast of Cuba, which we sighted Monday forenoon. We came in sight of Havana about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and anchored about 8 o'clock. The city looked beautiful illuminated by the setting sun as we approached. In fact, there are few cities that I have seen more beautiful, except Rio de Janeiro, Naples, and Constantinople. The harbor is reached through a narrow entrance with the historic Morro Castle on the left and the city on the right.

"I got past the customs and immigration officials quickly, and after a squabble with the man who brought me and my baggage from the ship in a launch and the chauffeur who was to bring me to the hotel in a taxi, both of whom tried to charge me three times the customary price, I came to the Sevilla Hotel, which seemed very comfortable and luxurious after the poor accommodations I found in Mexico. I have a room on the eighth floor that commands a fine view of the city and gets the full benefit of the sea breeze at night. I will tell you more of Havana in my next letter.

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^ I plan to leave here next Sunday for Santiago, from which point I will sail for Kingston, Jaimaca, on June 2, which seems to be the best connection I can make.

^ And now, dearies, I got your nice round-robin letter just before I left Mexico City. I hope Otis will write me about the wonderful bicycle--which probably is not so wonderful now as he thought it would be--and Thelma will write me about her girl and boy friends, and how mean her teacher is, and that Mommie will write me about all the family. You are all much in my thoughts, and when things are pleasant and the good little fairies are treating me right I wish you were all with me; but when the little jinxes get in their work and things are disagreeable, I like to think of you all comfortable at home.

^ Since I have been here the weather has been much like Washington weather in June and July, around 90 degrees during the day but pleasant at night. I had to get into my lightest summer clothing.

^ Much love to all, from
Daddy.

On May 24th I wrote a long and detailed report to the Secretary General of the Institute of my observations at the Wheat Conference at Kansas City and of the statistical and agricultural situation in Mexico.

A reading of the letters written during that period brings back the following recollections:

(QOWU, May,, Mexico City.

E--2679.

On May 17 on the occasion of my visit to the National Agricultural School, certain features stand out in memory that are not mentioned in my letters. One was the singing of the National anthem of Mexico by an assembly of students following a luncheon in the mess hall. Another was a chapel on the grounds the interior of which was covered with decorations by a famous Mexican artist ^(Rivera) who seemed to specialize on native peones or laborers. The execution was crude but impressive. To me the pictures were not pleasing partly because of repulsive subject matter and partly because of the somber colors used. Many years later this artist was engaged to paint a large picture for the Rockefeller Center in New York and the painting was rejected because of ~~of~~ its sanctification of Lenin.

During my stay in Mexico City I took advantage of opportunities to walk about the streets and in the parks. In the evening I usually spent an hour very agreeably in a little music hall on a side street where I could sit with a bottle of beer and a cigar and watch others enjoying themselves in the same way. Here I made the acquaintance of a little Spanish lady, young, plump, and pretty. She usually came and sat with me and shared my bottle of beer and I would ^{buy} a packet of cigarettes for her. Twice she inveigled me into dancing with her, but I preferred to sit at my ease and talk Spanish with her. After the second evening I made a bargain with her, she to correct my Spanish conversation and I to pay for her drinks and smokes. It was a very agreeable way to perfect one's knowledge of Spanish and I think she enjoyed it as much as I did. There were six or eight girls employed in the place who spent ^{most} of their time dancing or engaging in petting parties with the men. The patrons were mostly laboring men, small shop keepers, and the like, and all were were very quiet and orderly. During the two weeks I visited this place I did not see a single customer tipsy.

(1927, May, Mexico.

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The last evening I spent in Mexico City I was the guest of Señor Bojorques, chief of the Statistical Bureau, at his residence. There I met his wife and several other guests, among them a Mexican musical celebrity and poet. He recited some of his poems and played some of his musical pieces on the piano. Another was a singer. All were exceedingly friendly and obviously exerted themselves to entertain me.

I left Mexico City for Vera Cruz on May 19 in company with Señor Mondragon, secretary to the director of statistics, who had been detailed to make all arrangements for transportation and to see me safely aboard ship. We left in the early morning and arrived at Vera Cruz in the evening, a difference in altitude of 7,500 feet. En route my companion purchased and presented me with one of the characteristic Mexican canes, hand carved and colored. He was an excellent companion and could speak English very well. He said that he was the son of a Mexican General who owned large estates that were confiscated in one of the recurring revolutions when his father happened to be on the wrong side; that he had been educated and trained as an opera singer; that he toured a portion of Europe with an opera company; that he had then joined an opera company that toured the United States; that he was so impressed by the musical taste of the people of the United States that he conceived the idea of organizing a native Mexican marimba band; that this band appeared in various cities of the United States under American management and was successful; that the previous year he had taken the band into the United States under his own management and had cleared \$50,000 in three months. As a result of this experience he was an enthusiastic admirer of the United States. He said there were more people in the United States who appreciated good music and were willing to pay for it than in all Europe; that in Europe there ^{were} relatively few people

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who appreciated good music, and very few of that number who were willing to pay for it, for which reason it was necessary for the cities to support the operas, and that musicians who were not on the government pay rolls simply starved from lack of public support.

May 21 to 23, en route from Vera Cruz to Havana. Our ship received a message ^a saying that an American named Linberg had flown across the ocean to Paris. It aroused much enthusiasm among the small group of passengers and they crowded about ~~me~~ to congratulate me on the exploit of my fellow countryman. That was the first time I ever heard of Colonel Linberg who later became so near and dear to the hearts of all Americans. In an effort to distribute the reflected glory I responded to these vicarious congratulations by waving my arms and crying with enthusiasm, "Viva los Americanos, los Americanos del norte, del sud, del central, meridional, y septentrional, todos ^{meri} Americanos, libertad, prosperidad, felicidad, por un eternidad glorioso." This outburst of Latin eloquence was greeted with smiles and "Muy biens," and made friends. All except a young Englishman who looked at me gravely and a little disapprovingly.

Monday, May 23. We passed into Havana harbor at dusk. The ship anchored well out from the wharves. After the usual formalities we were transferred to the customhouse in rowboats manned by robbers. Other robbers were in charge of the taxi service. I was driven to the Hotel Sevilla and was given a comfortable room on the eighth floor from which I had a fine view of the Prado and a good portion of Havana and outlying suburbs. The twinkling lights of the city were especially attractive from that height. I took a short walk of exploration, but like most Latin cities doors and windows were closed with metal shutters so that the houses, shops, and streets appeared deserted except for a few drinking places in the restricted theater district. Only a few men were to be seen in the streets,

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cafes and restaurants.

(Inasmuch as reports to the Secretary General and ~~letters~~^{to} home are full and in narrative form, all notes should be condensed, especially as to what was said by officials interviewed.)

Tuesday, May 24, clear and hot as July in Washington . After breakfast left some films to be developed and went to the American Express to arrange for a remittance from Rome. The ^{agent} advised me to go to the Royal Bank of Canada, which I did. Then to the American Consulate, where I met the Consul General, Mr. Caffery, a former sugar planter from Louisiana. He appeared not to be well informed concerning the organization of the Cuban government, but expressed a very poor opinion of its Department of Agriculture and its statistical service. He said the department had done nothing since it issued a series of bulletins in 1921. However, I learned from him that there actually was a Department of Agriculture and that General Delgado was its Minister; also that there was a Comision Nacional de Estadistica of which Senor Espino was director. On the way back I made a detour around by the entrance to the harbor to see Morro Castle on the other side and returned by the President's Mansion. Had luncheon in a Chinese restaurant. At the hotel I asked the clerk to arrange to send a public stenographer to my room at 4.30 p.m. I took a short nap. [#] At 4 p.m. a lady stenographer came to my room and I read my shorthand report to her. She lacked experience and had trouble with strange material ^{so that} and I had to spell out all the names ^{for} to her. She said ^{he} he was from New Mexico, was married, had lived in ^{Went to the} Florida, and the last few years in Cuba. ~~Had supper at the~~ Chinese restaurant for supper, but after waiting fifteen minutes for a waiter without being able to attract his attention I left and returned to the hotel. Had steak, potatoes, bread and butter, water

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melon, and a bottle of beer, all for \$2.80. After supper I took a stroll and returned disgusted with Havana. At night it was as quiet, dull, deserted, dark, and uninteresting as a country churchyard, as are all Spanish cities.

Wednesday, May 25, very hot with showers. At 8.45 a.m. I went to a restaurant near by, but would get nothing, not even a cup of coffee at that hour. I returned to the hotel for breakfast. I called at the American Consulate at 9.45 and was referred to a Mr. Dodd in the same building. He was a business type of man and readily gave me the names and addresses of a number of people I should see. He said the Department of Agriculture was rotten, and the Bureau of Statistics was worse. He asked me to report to him before I left. He said he was drawing up a scheme of organization for the Department of Agriculture. In the Consul's office I learned that no appointments had been made with the Cuban officials for me as had been promised the previous day.

I inquired the way to the Ministry of Agriculture where I asked for Dr. ~~Sc~~^hurtz, formerly of the U.S. Department of Commerce, who had been ~~Commercial~~^{Commercial} Attache at Rio de Janeiro and had accompanied a scientific expedition up the Amazon. He was then employed as a technical economist in the office of Col. Destaing. He was cordial and gave me interesting information as to the situation of the Cuban department of agriculture and the statistical service. He said the department of agriculture was poorly organized, was the subject of much criticism, and it was rumored that General Delgado would be retired. He said that the statistics of the agriculture of Cuba were of little value. As an example he cited the statistics of coffee, all grown in the one province of Corrientes, in which there was a difference of 300 per cent between the estimates of the Department of Agriculture and of the Coffee Institute. He gave me the names of

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several men whom he thought I should see, including Mr. Dodd, as being the best informed men in Cuba.

In the afternoon I went again to the Ministry of Agriculture. I called first at the office of the Direccion de Agricultura, but Mr. Pimental, the administrative director, was away. I then called at the office of the secretary to the Minister and was told that the Minister would not return to his office that afternoon, but that I surely could see him the next forenoon. Next I called on the Assistant Minister, Sr. Bustos, who expressed regret that so many of the officials were ~~wa~~ away, some of whom would not return until the following Saturday or Monday. However, he said that if I would return the next morning Sr. Zangrums of his office would be detailed to look after me.

Then I called at the Edificio Barranque and found Sr. H. S. Brandt on the 7th floor. He was the executive secretary of an association of sugar mills and growers. He was a tall middle-aged, clean-cut, looking business man, working in his shirt sleeves at a desk. He was exceedingly busy and asked me to wait a few minutes. I did so, patiently at first, but impatiently as the minutes went by for half an hour, when I arose, apologized for calling unannounced, but as he was busy and I did not wish to interrupt, perhaps he could set a time when I could see him for a few minutes only. Then he apologized for keeping me waiting. He said there had just been a meeting of the board of directors and he had to send out 145 telegrams to the association members that afternoon, and that if I would call any time in the next day or two he would be glad to talk with me..

On the way back to the hotel I purchased a straw hat and at the hotel changed to a Palm Beach suit. The typewritten manuscript of my report to the Institute was sent up to my room by the hotel clerk. I spent some time revising it. Had a fairly good supper at the Chinese

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restaurant.

Thursday, May 26, clear and hot. I called first at the office of the Minister of Agriculture and was told that he had not yet come in. Then I discussed the census project with Sr. Zangronez, inspector in charge of the correspondence of the Ministry. He already knew about the project but said that copies of the program had not yet been received. He was somewhat embarrassed when I asked about the statistical service. After a little hesitation he frankly admitted that it had been ~~pr~~^{pr}actically discontinued because of lack of funds; only two employes were left, and their only source of information was the alcaldes, only a small percentage of whom would answer questionnaires. He said that the last previous census was in 1909, since which time no data had been collected regarding areas in crops. He said that a new census was badly needed and that the officials of the Ministry of Agriculture would gladly cooperate in the proposed census of 1930. I suggested that provision for the census should be included in the next budget and that the Ministry should formulate the item and urge its adoption. As to outstanding agricultural ~~p~~^problems he said that most of them grew out of the overwhelming problem of sugar production and the shortage of labor, because at harvest time the sugar crop requires the importation of 20,000 laborers from other islands. Labor shortage and lack of capital prevented diversification, which was Cuba's fundamental difficulty. For this reason Cuba imported vegetables, fruit, and dairy products from the United States, as well as cereals and cereal products.

I called at the Royal Canadian Bank and was provoked to find a cablegram from the Rome office of the American Express Company asking me to name the ~~amount specified~~^{amount specified} in my message of the previous ~~day. This mea~~

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day. This meant that the routine clerk at Rome had failed to take the trouble to look into Bentley's Code as he had been instructed to do in writing. Also it meant two cablegrams wasted, the expense of sending a third cablegram not in code and further delay. This time I spelled the amount out in full in Italian so that the human machine at the Rome office could understand it. Then I went to the Boston City Bank on the opposite side of the street and cashed a travellers check.

In the ^{same} ~~same~~ building I found the headquarters of the Sugar Club and had a very satisfactory interview with its secretary, Mr. E.L. Anderson. He talked frankly and showed me a lot of statistical business summaries and analyses he had made. The Club had a membership of 83 sugar mills out of a total of 149 in Cuba, but Mr. Anderson had reports from all of them. I mentioned the fact that the International Institute of Agriculture was trying to get periodical reports of condition, prospective and actual yields of sugar cane in all countries and asked if his organization would cooperate ~~and asked~~ for Cuba for the sake of getting similar data for all other sugar producing countries of the world. He assured me that his association would be glad to report directly to the Institute. Also he said his association would be glad to help get the necessary funds to enable the Cuban government to join in the 1930 census.

I ^a ~~called~~ at the office of the United Fruit Company and ascertained that a boat would sail from Santiago for Kingston on June 2, but the agent could give me no information about other sailings or how I could get from Kingston to Port au Prince.

At 2 p.m. I again called at the Ministry of Agriculture, only to be told that the Minister had not yet arrived, but was asked to call later. Then I went to the headquarters of the National Commission of Statistics and Economics and had an interview with the

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president, Sr. Domingo Espino, a plump, middle-aged gentleman with a mustache and an energetic manner. When I spoke of the census project of the International Institute of Agriculture he immediately referred to the economic congress held in Buenos Aires in 1924. He sent for a copy of the printed report of the conference and after consulting the index he turned to the page containing the resolution I had introduced recommending the taking of censuses and the organization of statistical bureaus. When I pointed out that my name was given as the author of the resolution he was surprised; and when I showed him the little morocco covered identification card I had received at the conference--which I still carried because it fitted so nicely into a compartment of my pocketbook--he was delighted and profuse in protestations of friendship. He gave me a copy of the law establishing the Commission, dated 22 January 1913, from which it appeared that it was charged by law with the duty of formulating the statistics of the Republic from data to be supplied by the various departments of the government. He said that the Commission, although authorized by law, was not organized and did not begin to function until 1926. He promised the fullest cooperation of the Commission in the promotion of the census project in Cuba.

I returned to the Ministry of Agriculture and had the good fortune to find that General Delgado, the Minister, had arrived at his office, and I was admitted to see him. He was an elderly mulatto. He repeated in substance the statements of Sr. Zangronez, and promised both ^{to} cooperation and to include provision for the census in his next budget. . As to problems, he mentioned the need for irrigation and for diversification of crops, especially for vegetables and livestock, and better roads. As to sugar, he said the price ^had fallen below cost of production, which was the cause of great and almost universal distress, and in an effort to bolster the price ⁱ the government

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had decreed that one-fourth of the cane crop should not be harvested, thereby reducing production from 6,000,000 to 4,500,000 tons, and saving one-fourth the expense of harvesting, milling, and marketing the entire crop. He said the price had risen to three cents a pound which would make the value of three-fourths of a crop greater than the value of the total crop at the price that prevailed before the decree was issued. The Minister was quite old but intelligent and courteous. In passing through his offices I noticed that most of the employes were young women of exceptional beauty which, perhaps, was evidence of the General's ^{discriminating} intelligence. I was reminded of the little beauty in the office of M. LeSage, director of agriculture at Paris; but General Delgado had six or eight of equal pulchritude in his office at Havana. These beauteous creatures were all under twenty, had languishing eyes, rich complexions, and voluptuous forms, and just enough negro blood in their veins to make their hair wavy.

At the Chinese restaurant I had chop suey, the familiar American dish, for supper.

(Wife, May 26, yellow folder. (p. 2678) ✓

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Friday, May 27, clear and hot. After breakfast I called on ~~I called~~ on Sr. Henri S. Brandt, secretary of the Association of Sugar Mills and Growers, who said that the Sugar Club was one of the scientific and technical organizations of the Association. He said that of 173 sugar mills in Cuba 152 ~~grew members of~~ ^{were members of} the Association. He assured me of the full support of the Association in the census project, as well as the budget item for the necessary expenses. He discussed the sugar situation frankly and named the different organizations that could ^help in getting funds for the census and in the actual taking of it.

I then made calls at the Royal Bank of Canada, the American Consulate, and the office of the Commercial Attache. In the afternoon I accompanied Sr. Zangronez to the agricultural experiment station at Santiago de la Vera. We were shown over the station by the director, Sr. G. M. Fortuna, who spoke English very well. He described the various projects of the station and we inspected the experimental field plots. While there I met Sr. Menocal, a former Cuban minister, an elderly gentleman who was very intelligent and animated. He said he had 160 acres on which he had planted many thousands of mangoes and other fruits that were just coming into bearing. He was very enthusiastic about his fruits.

The ride in a trolley car to the station took us around the end of the harbor, a district of wharves and warehouses; then out through suburbs full of sawmills and factories, all very unsightly; next came a section of scattering cottages and small residences, and finally out into the open country, slightly undulating, mostly uncultivated and covered sparsely with grass and scattering royal palms. The palms give the landscape a tropical effect. There were many curious trees, including mangoes, which resemble chestnut trees, and some trees resembling kapok, the Argentine Palo Borracho, with X

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great bottle shaped trunks, and the Paraiso or Chinaberry trees of great size. Another tree resembling the mulberry has a stone fruit like an almond and is called "Almendres de los Indios."^{PP} The experiment station had a flower garden in which were many roses and annuals in full bloom. Before leaving the station we had a drink of Bacardi Rum, the Cuban whiskey. Sr. Zabgronez said he had lived two years in Birmingham and three years previously he and his wife visited New York and the White Mountains. At the station many references were made to the hurricane of October, 1926. It was said that the wind attained a velocity of 190 miles an hour and lasted from 5 to 11 a.m. It was very destructive, killing many people, demolishing houses, and uprooting trees. At the station was an aracauria tree sixty feet high with every branch and twig stripped clean, so that it was simply a bare pole. In the surrounding country one saw many enormous palms either stripped of their tops or lying prone on the ground.

Simply as a matter of record I will note that a special demonstration in animal breeding was staged for the benefit of the inspector and myself. A prancing dapple gray imported Percheron stallion was brought out and his good points discussed. Then a dejected looking native mare was led before him. In spite of her scrawny appearance the magnificent stallion was interested and promptly did his duty, although so far as the mare was concerned it looked like cruelty to animals. Everyone within sight stopped working to witness the demonstration and for the first time I noted a keen and lively interest in the faces of the Cuban workers.

Saturday, May 28, clear and hot. At the Royal Canadian Bank I found a credit of \$1,500. I took \$300 in cash and the remainder in travellers checks. At the railway station I bought transportation to Santiago. Also I sent a cable message to the Institute in code

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reporting results in Cuba and itinerary. After an unsatisfactory luncheon I took a nap, after which I began packing up and wrote some letters.

After supper I took a stroll along the beach promenade. It follows the bay on one side and on the other is bordered with substantial and comfortable dwellings. The people seen on the promenade were, of course, well dressed ladies and gentlemen, many of them fine looking. I noticed that Havana had adopted one strictly American institution, that of the rocking chair. They were to be seen in hotel lobbies, clubs, and on the verandas of private houses.

Sunday, March 29, clear and hot. I finished packing up before going out for breakfast. I showed my check for the trunk to the hotel porter who said I had made a mistake in turning it over to a private company over which the hotel had no control and that the company might or might not deliver the trunk. However, the men called for the trunk at 10 a.m. Began drafting a report to the Institute. At noon I had luncheon, paid my bill, and went to the railway station.

P The train left at 1.40 p.m. At 2.20 p.m. we reached Campo Florida, a small town in the hill country. Up to this point the soil was light in color with porous limestone underneath. The country was mostly uncultivated and barren because of the dry season. Scattered about were isolated royal palms. The country seemed to be thinly settled, although there were occasional small one-story houses with thatched roofs.

At 3 p.m. we were at Banda. Thousands of acres of sugar cane ^h had been cut and the new growth had started. The soil was red. There ^{were} many patches of manioc and a few of tobacco. Large ^a ₁ ^a were covered with the smooth white palms sixty to eighty feet high, symmetrical and stately.

~~At 3.15~~ At 3.15 p.m. we passed Aguacato in the center of a level

reporting results in Cuba and elsewhere. After an unsuccessful lunch-
 and I took a nap, after which I began packing up and wrote some
 letters.

After supper I took a stroll along the beach promenade.
 It follows the bay on one side and on the other is bordered with
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 hotel lobbies, clubs, and on the verandas of private houses.
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 going out for breakfast. I showed my check for the trunk to the hotel
 porter who said I had made a mistake in turning it over to a private
 company over which the hotel had no control and that the company
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 although there were occasional small one-story houses with thatched
 roofs.

At 5 p.m. we were at Banda. Thousands of acres of sugar cane
 had been cut and the new growth had started. The soil was red. There
 were patches of mango and a few of tobacco. Large areas were covered
 with the smooth white palms sixty to eighty feet high, symmetrical
 and stately.

Further 2:15 p.m. we passed Anaco to the center of a level

(1927, May, Cuba.

E--2692.

plain mostly in sugar cane, pine apples, bananas, and manioc. A large sugar mill was in sight with a beautiful avenue of royal palms from the mill to the town. On a siding were long trains of empty cars. Along the fields were dense and impenetrable hedges of cacti.

At 3.45 we passed Matanzas, which appeared to be a city of some size. Near it was a large field of sisal.

At 5 p.m. we passed Col^o ~~Asfo~~^e and at 5.50 Quintana, which is in the red soil sugar cane country with several sugar mills in sight.

I had a very satisfactory supper on the diner at 6.30 p.m. We were riding through a beautiful landscape, a level plain covered with young growing sugar cane, palms and other tropical trees of various kinds. Towns and villages were about fifteen minutes apart. Hundreds of people, especially young people, were at the stations to see the train come and go. After dark fireflies could be seen flitting about. The berts^h were made up early. While mine was being made up I sat in the adjoining compartment with a Cuban gentleman who said he was an employe of a brokerage firm in New York in 1903, was employed seven years at Panama and in the six weeks vacation he had each year had ~~had~~ visited most of the South American countries, crossed the United States, and visited Spain. He said his mother was from Seville and his father from Andalusia and that they were both living, the mother 8⁷~~7~~ and the father 89. I sat in the smoking compartment with a bottle of beer and some Havana cigars until 11 p.m.

Monday, May 30, clear and hot, following a cool night. I was up at 6 a.m. and had a cup of coffee. The train stopped at Carmaguay which seemed to be quite a large town. Then for an hour or more we ran through a beautiful landscape, slightly undulating, covered with great spreading tropical trees and palms and underneath a coarse grass nearly waist high. None of the land was in cultivation, but all of it was under fence and herds of fat cattle and horses roamed

(1927, May, Cuba.

E--2693.

about. The trees were quite large and all had smooth trunks that were tall, straight, and white, with spreading tops. In more than an hour's ride the only cultivated ground I saw was a small market garden in tomatoes and cabbage.

At 8.30 a.m. we came out into a stretch of open country covered with sugar cane, uncut, overripe, and stretching away several miles to a belt of tropical forest. On the horizon one could see rounded hills covered with forest. The luxuriant greenness of the landscape was refreshing. I saw some trees entirely covered with panicles of beautiful red blossoms.

At 9.10 a.m. we were passing through a beautiful grass country with scattered mimosa trees, many fat cattle and horses with their backs just showing above the tall grass. Apparently not ten per cent of the land was in cultivation. Sugar cane was the principal crop and at least one-fourth of it was uncut, overripe, and going to waste. On the sugar plantations were rows of small cabins for the laborers and about them were small patches of bananas and manioc, sometimes a little maize or sweet potatoes, but not much else in the way of vegetables. The mills were enormous establishments and usually looked well kept. At 9.45 a.m. we passed the largest sugar mill I had seen. It was surrounded by several miles of standing cane uncut and going to waste.

We passed Sao Corjo at 10 a.m. and rode through a stretch of swamp and woods without fields or houses. Many of the trees and shrubs bore yellow blossoms.

At 1.30 p.m. we were still riding through a wild, unsettled country, with mountains to the south. Dark and threatening clouds were forming in the east. A characteristic feature of the landscape was the coarse tall grass waving in the breeze.

(1927, May, Cuba.

E--2694.

At 2.30 p.m. we were passing through a country of low hills, groves of magnificent royal palms, meadows of beautiful green grass, with villages of picturesque cottages with thatched roofs, beautiful banana plants with leaves ten feet high, considerable areas in maize, and occasional patches of tobacco. There was a range of mountains about ten miles away and a thunder storm ahead of us to the east.

At 3 p.m. we passed through six or eight miles of nothing but sugar cane, of which at least one-fourth was uncut.

At 3.30 p.m. we came to Central Palume ~~XX~~, a beautiful place with a large sugar mill and mountains in sight.

By 5 p.m. the weather had turned ~~xxxx~~ cloudy, dull, and cool. The train stopped at a considerable place with attractive houses and gardens. This turned out to be the suburbs of Santiago, where we arrived at 5.30 p.m.

The train went around between hills and then down to the lower level of the city and harbor. At the station there was a group of Cubans and negroes who asked all sorts of questions. I picked out one at random and ignored the others. I was driven through narrow streets to the Casa Grande Hotel, half way up the hill from the harbor, with a broad balcony facing the public plaza. I was given a room and bath on the third floor for \$3.50 per day. The outside of the hotel looked new, but inside the woodwork was old.

After I got settled in my new quarters I took a short walk. The streets were narrow and ~~xxxx~~ only about four blocks were illuminated. There was a street car line, some busses and a few automobiles. I bought a supply of cigars, a bottle of cognac, and some postcards. At 7 p.m. I had a very satisfactory supper on the balcony.

Tuesday, May 31; forenoon bright and hot; afternoon showers and cool. I slept well in spite of noise from a party of young men who were ^rprobably drinking until long after midnight, and much noise

(1927, May, Santiago de Cuba.

E--2695.

on the street at an early hour in the morning. Also there were some husky mosquitoes in the room. After breakfast I walked to the office of the United Fruit Company to engage passage on the steamer for Kingston on June 23. I was given a blank form to fill out and told to return in the afternoon. I walked back through an open market in which were quantities of papayas, avocados, manioc roots, coconuts, mangoes, and other peculiar looking tropical fruits. It was very hot and the market was crowded with people, mostly negroes, talking and gesticulating. I passed two or three schools with crowds of young people on the streets. About half of them appeared to be of ^PSpanish descent and the other half negroes and mulattoes.

Returning to my room I began drafting a report to the Institute. After luncheon I sat and dozed in a rocking chair on the front balcony facing the public square. At the office of the United Fruit Company I obtained a steamer ticket, after waiting nearly an hour, although I was the only customer. Evidently the issuance of a passenger ticket was a portentous undertaking and an act of special favor granted by a benevolent commercial company with monopolistic tendencies. Among other things I was required to deposit \$40 as a guaranty of customs charges, returnable upon application at Kingston; also to pay a tax of \$1.40 on my ticket. I was informed that I would have to go to the fiscal office to obtain a permit to take out more than \$50 with me.

I returned to my room to do some writing. Had an excellent supper at 7.30 p.m. and listened to the municipal band playing on the plaza in front of the hotel, while a procession of young ~~men~~ women marched in front of the young men of the town ^{who were} lined up in an outer circle to appraise and audibly discuss their good points. After dark I walked a few squares through the streets but found them completely deserted away from the plaza.

(1927, June, Santiago.

E--2696.

Wednesday, June 1, clear and hot. After breakfast I went to the fiscal office and declared \$200 I wished to take out with me and paid 38 cents for a permit. I bought a bottle of Bacardi and some cigars and spent the day typewriting a report to the Institute, ~~and~~ my expense account, and some letters.. Had a most unsatisfactory supper at the hotel for \$2.00. Took a walk on the deserted streets and was rewarded by a few glimpses through open doors of the interiors of some private dwellings of the better class. They seemed to be elegantly furnished. Back to the hotel at 9 p.m. to finish my typewriting.

~~(Dragoni, June 1, yellow folder. *omit*~~

(Mother, ~~same~~.

(1927, June, Cuba to Jamaica.

J E--2698.

cabin could be assigned to me. In the cabin I discovered there was no ~~water~~^{water} in the tank and no steward on duty so I had to wash in the main lavatory. All of which did not impress me favorably.

The ship got under ~~weigh~~^{way} at 4.30 p.m. and passed slowly out of the landlocked harbor. It is perhaps three miles across and then narrows to a channel only a few hundred yards wide that winds with many abrupt turns between hills to the open sea. As one leaves the harbor he sees that a great basin is formed almost entirely surrounded by mountains that are covered to their summits with green trees and other vegetation. The city of Santiago lies up the slope around one end of this inland lake. Along the channel were many bungalows^w and private residences with flowers and shrubbery about them. The channel is interesting. The limestone cliffs on either side are abrupt and full of caves. On one side is a picturesque old fortress. As the ship passed out into the open sea one could see up and down the coast for a great distance and mountains were visible as far as the horizon. It was at the mouth of this channel and under the guns of the old fortress that Captain Hobson tried to sink a ship across the channel to bottle up the Spanish fleet within the harbor during the Spanish American war. It was a daring and a dangerous feat but did not succeed because the current swung the ship parallel with the channel and left it open.

The supper was excellent. I had two table companions. One was a gentleman who had been in Cuba for seventeen years and who said that large areas of the Sabanas ^{<meadows of coarse grass>} are not suitable for agriculture. The other appeared to be an officer of the ~~company~~^{company} United Fruit Company. He expressed the opinion that Salvador was the best country in Central America and ^grows the best coffee, and that the next best is Guatemala.

I suffered all day with a severe cold in the head, and could not

could easily be mistaken for me. In the cabin I discovered there was no ~~water~~ in the tank and no water on deck so I had to look in the main lavatory. All of which did not turn out as favorably.

The ship was under way at 4.30 p.m. and passed slowly out of the landlocked harbor. It is believed that this narrow channel is very narrow to a channel only a few hundred yards wide that winds along the sharp turn between hills to the open sea. As one leaves the harbor one sees that a steep bank is joined almost entirely surrounding by mountains that are covered to their summits with green trees and other vegetation. The city of Santiago lies up the slope around one end of this inland lake. Along the channel were many mangroves and private residences with flowers and shrubbery about them. The channel is interesting. The limestone cliffs on either side are abrupt and full of caves. On one side is a picturesque old fortress. As the ship passed out into the open sea one could see up and down the coast for a great distance and mountains were visible as far as the horizon. It was at the mouth of this channel and under the guns of the old fortress that Captain Hobson failed to sink a ship across the channel to bottle up the Spanish fleet within the harbor during the Spanish American war. It was a daring and a dangerous feat but did not succeed because the current swung the ship parallel with the channel and left it open.

The supper was excellent. I had two table companions. One was a gentleman who had been in Cuba for seventeen years and who said that large areas of the Sabana are not suitable for agriculture. The other appeared to be an officer of the campaign United Fruit Company. He expressed the opinion that Salvador was the best country in Central America and knows the best coffee, and that the next best is Guatemala.

I returned all day with a feverish cold to the hotel, and could not

(1927, June, Cuba to Jamaica.

E--2699.

help wondering why people in good health and with regular habits had colds in hot weather. As an experiment I took a big dose of quinine and one of Bacardi and went to bed.

Friday, June 3, cloudy and very hot. Passengers were awakened by the steward at 6 a.m.. At 7.30 the port doctor came aboard, and at 9 a.m. we crossed the harbor. The first stop was at Port Royal, which is on a long narrow point of land on one side of the bay with a small fortress and government buildings. Here one of the passengers said was once a town a large portion of which, including a church and many other buildings, slid into the sea from the effects of an earthquake. It was the original site of Kingston until after the earthquake when the new city was built.

The harbor is a broad shallow bay with some low country back of it, beyond which ranges of mountains rise one above another. In the customs declaration I noted one revolver. The customs officer did not examine the baggage but asked for the revolver which he said would be returned to me when I left. As in all British territory no citizen is allowed to possess a revolver without a license.

I went to the Myrtle Bank Hotel. It is a first class hotel on the water front at the end of the town, which charged \$11 per day for room with bath and meals. I waited an hour or more for my baggage; I made up the laundry and sent for the valet to clean my Palm Beach suit; I learned that it was a holiday in celebration of the King's birthday, so that all public business was suspended. At 1.30 p.m. I laid down and slept until 7.30. I Dressed and went down to supper, but had no appetite and could eat nothing. One could see that this was an English establishment. All the gentlemen were in evening dress and the ladies in evening gowns. At noon there was a puff of wind that was refreshing, but it soon died down to a dead calm. and became excessively and oppressively hot. After supper I had

helping to bring the people in good health and with the help of the
the color in the water. As an experiment I took a big dose of
medicine and on the second day I was well.

Friday, June 3, cloudy and very hot. The morning was spent
at the station at 8 a.m. At 10 the post doctor came aboard, and
at 11 a.m. we crossed the harbor. The first stop was at Fort Royal,
which is on a long narrow point of land on one side of the bay with
a small fortification and government buildings. Here one of the houses
was built on a hill a large portion of which, including a
church and many other buildings, slid into the sea from the
effects of an earthquake. It was the original site of Kingston until
after the earthquake when the new city was built.

The harbor is a good harbor and with some low country back
of it, beyond which ranges of mountains rise and above another.
In the customs station I noted one receiver. The customs officer
did not examine the baggage but asked for the revolver which he said
would be returned to me when I left. As in all British territory
no citizen is allowed to possess a revolver without a license.

I went to the Myrtle Bank Hotel. It is a fine class hotel on
the water front at the end of the town, which charges \$1 per day for
room with bath and meals. I wrote an hour or more for my baggage;
I made up the laundry and sent for the valet to clean my Palm Beach
suit. I learned that it was a holiday in celebration of the King's
birthday, so that all public business was suspended. At 1.30 p.m.
I left town and about 2.30 p.m. I crossed and went down to
but had no appetite and could eat nothing. One could see that this
was an English establishment. All the gentlemen were in evening
dress and the ladies in evening gowns. At noon there was a buffet
of which I was very much, but it soon died down to a dead calm.
The people were extremely and conversationally hot. After supper I had

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2700

a severe headache and fever and a feeling of complete lassitude.

Saturday, June 4, clear, still, calm, and excessively hot, a dead, heavy heat. The air was so full of moisture that it would condense on the outside of a glass or pitcher of icewater and run down the sides in little streams. Still feeling badly but not sneezing and coughing so much, but so enervated as to have a great aversion to any exertion.

At 9 a.m. I walked down King Street and left some films to be developed and bought some cigars. Then to the American Consulate where I found some mail. Vice Consul Collins gave me the names of the officials I should see. By telephone he ascertained that the secretary of the chamber of commerce was out of the city for a few days. He tried to communicate with the Director of Agriculture, but could get no reply.

I called at a steamship office and was told that they knew of no boat sailing for Port au Prince, but there was one sailing ~~thex~~ ~~fix~~ for Santo Domingo the next Wednesday. The agent asked me to return on Tuesday with my passport and a visée from the Dominican Consul because the visée from the Dominican Minister at Washington would not be sufficient. I bought some more collars, my stock having melted from perspiration. I returned to the Consulate and learned that the Director of Agriculture would see me any day before noon. Also I learned that Saturday afternoon is a half holiday.

I immediately took a street car and rode out five or six miles to the Hope Gardens. The first two or three miles was through a tumbledown street lined with little shops and markets. It was about 10.30 a.m. and apparently the maid servants had been to market, for the car was crowded with them and their baskets. They were a small people, mostly jet black, rather thin and ill-shaped, with nothing attractive about them except the general good nature characteristic

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2701.

of negroes. They were much like the old time darkies in the United States, respectful and pleasant in manner. The last two or three miles were through open suburbs and the road was lined on both sides by villas and gardens with magnificent palms and trees.

The Hope Gardens are at the foot of the mountains. I walked from the entrance along a driveway about a quarter of a mile to the administrative buildings. There I met the *Director of Agriculture*, Mr. H.H. Congens, a short, stout, middle aged man, with florid complexion and red hair, and rather grave manner. With reference to the census he at once said the Jamaican government had no statistical service and no statistics of agriculture other than the annual estimate by the Collector General of Taxes, and ^ath^a the planters looked upon all inquiries and questionnaires as a device to increase their taxes. He talked frankly of the organization and work of his department and of agricultural conditions in the island. He ~~said~~ ^{said} one of their principal projects was the development of a dairy industry and to this end the station was introducing dairy breeds from the United States and crossing them with the Montgomery type of zebu from northern India. He advised me to see the Colonial Secretary because if a census were to be taken it would require new legislation.

I rode back at mid day through the hot sun. Had no appetite for luncheon. Then had a troubled nap until 5 p.m. I went out on the street and hired a carriage and was driven to a shack in an alley where I bought some excellent cigars for about half price. The man who made them was half drunk and his mulatto wife waited upon me. They had several pretty mulatto daughters from five to twelve years old.

I never encountered such atmospheric changes as were experienced in Kingston. At times both in the forenoon and in the afternoon a violent breeze would spring up, blowing the window curtains

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2702.

straight out, toss the tops of the trees about violently, and lash the bay into racing waves. Then the breeze would die down and there would be a dead calm and an oppressive suffocating heat. No appetite for supper. Walked slowly down the street and back to get the twitches out of my legs. Retired early.

Sunday, June 5. Excessively hot with variable breeze until 4 p.m., with air absolutely still and heavy like steam. Then a sea breeze sprang up and blew violently for nearly an hour, followed by dead calm. I spent most of the day in bed, dosing up on quinine and cognac. Twice I looked out on the street, but it was dead and deserted and quiet as a cemetery. Even the chickens and pigs did not have enough energy to venture out from under the houses. Verily this was Sunday calm with a vengeance. Even the negroes, and ninety-five per cent of the population are negroes, were not stirring or cackling.

Monday, June 6, oppressively hot. At 9 a.m. I called at the office of the Collector General of Taxes in the government building. He confirmed the statement of the director of agriculture to the effect that there were no agricultural statistics, and that all his office did was to compile and publish statistics of imports and exports and other fiscal matters.

Next I called on the Colonial Secretary, Hon. Charles W. Doonally, who was very affable. He had a search of the files made to see if any communication had been received from either the Colonial Office in London or the Institute at Rome regarding the census project, but nothing was found. He readily agreed to arrange for an interview with the Governor General, Sir Reginald Edward Stubbs, for the following day, and to send a telegram to the Registrar General at Spanish Town announcing that I would visit him.

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2703.

Next I called at the office of the ~~J~~^Kamaica Imperial Association and was informed by a colored man that the secretary general, Mr. H. G. De Lissa, lived at the Myrtle Bank Hotel where I was stopping and had not come to his office. I left my card and said I would call again.

I went to the American Consulate for mail and then to the Dominican Consulate for a visée, but the Consul was not in his office.

By this time I was pretty limp and my clothes were saturated and clinging to me. I returned to the hotel, picked out a spot under an electric fan, and had a bottle of ice cold German beer, followed by a whiskey and soda, and began to feel normal again.

After luncheon I hired an automobile and was driven about thirteen miles, or some such distance, to Spanish Town, the original capital of Jamaica. I ^a~~c~~alled on the Registrar General, Mr. A.R. Suarez, a mulatto. He explained that his office had charge of all public documents and that every ten years it supervised the taking of a population census. He said that public sentiment was decidedly against the taking of censuses or the answering of questionnaires. He took me into the old hall of ~~governors~~ records, a large room with shelves full of bound volumes. He opened one of the volumes in which the dates were all in the year 1775. Although the paper was yellowed with age the ink was still black and the writing clear and legible. Before leaving we drove a short distance into the town. The streets were narrow and most of them lined with negro shacks. The town was dirty and full of negroes, and very depressing. ~~¶~~ The country along the road between Kingston and Spanish Town was interesting. It traverses a flat plain between the sea and the mountains. Kingston straggles out along the road for several miles with huts and gardens on both sides, and there were ^{to be seen} many miserable looking negroes, mostly afoot and carrying

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2704.

burdens, ~~were to be seen~~. When not walking about or carrying burdens they lay on the ground half asleep and basking in the sun. Most of them wore only trousers or skirts.

Six or eight miles out the land is covered with low growing acacias that resemble locust trees. The last half of the distance toward Spanish Town is mostly given up to banana plantations. The plants were very large, twenty feet or more in height, set about nine feet apart, and nearly every one had a large bunch of fruit, and enormous bunches they were. Back of the banana plantations were rows of coconut palms. I saw only one field of sugar cane. Some of the banana plantations were very large, covering many hundreds of acres. One of the largest belonged to the United Fruit Company. About six miles from Spanish Town is the celebrated ~~ix~~ Tom Cringle's tree, a cottonwood (Ceiba), which is said to be haunted by ghosts and therefore dangerous to cut. This particular specimen is of enormous girth, has great buttresses like wooden walls on all sides, so ~~xxxx~~ that its diameter at the height of a man's head is probably more than twenty-five feet. The spread of its great branches, each a tree in itself, is extraordinary. It bears cotton pods that burst when ripe and the cotton and seeds fall out. The soil is gravelly and dark brown in color. All the plantations are irrigated, and where there is no irrigation there are no crops. The houses seen along the road are all little one-story, one-room shanties, without chim~~ne~~ys.

I was back at the hotel by 4 p.m. very tired and laid down until 6 o'clock. I took a walk down the main business street. All business shops were closed and the street was swarming with negroes.. It was oppressively hot and immediately after supper I retired.

Tuesday, June 7; showers in early morning and a gentle breeze during the day. I got up early because I could not sleep for the

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--27⁸5.

heat and a severe attack of ~~ex~~ eczema that probably resulted from the extreme heat. For some years I suffered from this malady whenever I was subjected to chill, excessive heat, mental strain, or pphysical fatigue, or pressure as of a garter or belt. It came in the form of hives, with great welts and weals, never above the collar line, but elsewhere and anywhere, including the palms of my hands and fingers, with intolerable itching. I never found any remedy, but ~~found that~~ the best preventive was a warm bath each morning. Each welt would appear as a small white ring which would enlarge to a red swelling larger than the palm of a hand, last a few hours or over night, and then disappear completely. While it lasted it was very annoying.

At 9 a.m. I called at the Dominican Consulate. The Consul looked at my passport and assured me that the visée of the minister at Washington was quite sufficient. I went to the office of the Horn Steamship Line and purchased passage to ~~the~~ Santo Domingo on the S.S.Lisboa. There was to be only one other first class passenger, a Mr.Halley, who called while I was there. I was informed that the boat had been delayed and would not reach Kingston until Thursday, and would leave the same day.

Next I called at the headquarters of the Jamaica Agricultural Society and had an interview with the secretary, Mr.Barclay, a stout middle aged Scotchman, who was very enthusiastic about the work of the society. He was much interested in the census project and promised the full cooperation of the society. He gave me a copy of the annual report outlining the accomplishments of the society.

Then I called at the Government House and had an interview with Governor General Stubbs, a thick set man as stubby in appearance, speech and manner as his name. He had been coached by his secretary regarding the census project and the correspondence from the Insti-

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2706.

tute regarding it. He rather bluntly began to question the value of censuses and agricultural statistics on the ground that they were always inaccurate and misleading, that they were of no use to any one, that the expense involved would be utterly useless, that Jamaica was desperately poor, and that the money required for a census was badly needed for things^s much more worth while, and he wanted it clearly and distinctly understood that he was opposed to any census or agricultural statistics in Jamaica. His manner and speech were so blunt and aggressive as to be offensive. He was the first, in fact the only, man holding a responsible public position whom I ever heard decry the value of statistics simply as statistics. This discourteous tirade angered me, but I tried not to show it, although I tingled to the tips of my fingers and toes and nothing but an armed guard could have driven me from that room.

I said in effect, and as politely as I could, "Mr. Governor General, am I right in thinking that the principal industry of Jamaica is agriculture; if not please tell me what other industry competes with it." "Agriculture," of course, he grunted. "Am I right in my impression that Jamaica is so overwhelmingly agricultur^{al}e that its agriculture is really far more important to the people of this island and in actual monetary value than all other industries in the island combined." "Yes, you are right," he replied, and his eyes were boring into me. "Am I also right in assuming that the government of Jamaica of which you are head is the largest, strongest, and most important corporation in the island, so powerful by right of government that it makes the laws that regulate all other corporations, businesses, and the people; how~~a~~ about it?" I asked. "Of course; why do you ask?" he wanted to know. "Excuse me; but in your long life of business and experience have you ever known of a corporation or business establishment bigger than one man size that

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2707.

succeeded without keeping books of some kind?" I asked. "No, of course not," he replied. "But you have heard of business firms and enterprises failing disgracefully because the men in charge either did not have account books or failed to study them, I am sure."

"Yes," he had heard of such instances. "Very well, then I am to understand that the head of the largest corporation in Jamaica, the government, has no definite knowledge whatever of the agriculture of the island, and doesn't even think it is necessary. Such a statement would sound nice, wouldn't^{it}, coming from me to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, and reported by the British permanent delegate at Rome to the Foreign Office of his government in London. The government of Jamaica doesn't know the first thing about its agriculture as a business, the principal and in fact the only industry of the island. " "But we do know a lot, all that is necessary to know, about the agriculture of Jamaica," he rejoined rather emphatically. "No you don't-- I beg your pardon; you don't know the population of Jamaica this year; you don't know what proportion of the population make their living on farms; you don't even know how many farms there are or their size; you don't know how many acres are in cultivation, and you don't know the area or production of a single crop. nor how many head of livestock or different kinds there are; you don't know whether the agriculture of Jamaica is increasing or decreasing. Neither you nor anybody else in Jamaica knows anything definite on these fundamental business points. If there is a man in your island government that knows these things, please let me see him, because the International Institute of Agriculture and the Colonial Office of the British government would much like to have that very information. You know as well as I do such data do not exist. Is it not^{it} so," I asked. "No, we haven't considered it necessary," he replied. "Of course, I understand that is why everybody

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2708.

in Jamaica is so densely ignorant concerning the principal and most important industry in the island--^ust as ignorant as a lot of South Sea islanders. As a matter of fact I don't believe there is a business concern in the world, big or little, that would not be headed ~~&~~ for disaster if it were so ignorant of its business as the government of Jamaica. If it escaped disaster it would be simply sheer blind luck and chance. Now, a census is simply the first step in government ~~bookkeeping~~, simply an inventory to start with, and you haven't even an inventory. You simply have not the remotest idea how well off or how poor you are, or whether the industry of the island is getting better or worse." "But, a census costs money and would require new legislation; we have neither the money and the legislature would not sanction such a project," he objected.

"Very well. You are opposed to a census, for reasons good and sufficient to you. You have a perfect right to your personal opinion. But you are also ^Governor ^General, a public official, representing the British government and the business interests and people of this island, and in matters of public policy and legislation you^r personal opinion should not prevail as against your government and the people you govern. You will shortly receive a letter from the head of the Colonial Office in London recommending that you support this census project. I, a stranger, will see certain men in this town who will see that publicity is given to the census project and that the proper legislation is introduced and passed. If such legislation is passed because the business men of Jamaica want it passed, will you hold your personal feelings in abeyance and sign that bill in accordance with their wishes? In other words, will you withhold opposition and as ^Governor ^General sign the necessary legislation, if it passes and is presented to you in the form of a law that requires only your signature?" "Yes," he answered promptly. "And have I

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2709.

your permission" I asked "to say to such business men as I see about this matter that you have agreed ~~with~~ to withdraw opposition and will sign any reasonable legislation presented to you for an agricultural census in Jamaica in 1930?" "Yes," he said briefly. I rose at once and said "Thank you, Sir Reginald, that was all I wanted to know. I will now start that legislation on its way." He grinned, very much as if I had promised to cut off one of the horns of the moon. Just then the Colonial Secretary entered and greeted me suavely. I returned the greeting and said, "Well, Mr. Secretary, I have good news. Sir Reginald has just agreed to withdraw opposition to the agricultural census project and to approve the necessary legislation if it passes and is presented to him in proper form." "Why, of course, I am glad to hear it" said the Secretary, as he looked at the Governor General for confirmation. I again thanked them both for their courtesy and cooperation and got away. Outside, I chuckled to myself and said "Well, Mr. Stubby Stubbs, that's one time you committed yourself before a witness so that you can't ^{crawl} carry-fish out of it. It's up to me to get you stuck deeper in the mud of commitment before ^I ~~you~~ leave."

While my fighting blood was up I walked to the office of the Jamaica Imperial Association. I found the Secretary General, Mr. H. G. De Disser^a sitting at a typewriter and running off an article for a daily newspaper of which he was proprietor and editor. When I explained my mission and outlined my interview with the Governor General, he became very wide awake and alert and asked me to write him a letter on behalf of the Institute asking for cooperation in the census which he could present to the board of managers, and offered to send a reporter to the hotel for an interview.

I returned to the hotel and had barely time to wash up when a reporter called. He proved to be a mulatto who wrote shorthand.

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(1927, June, Kingston.

E-21710.

I dictated sufficient material to fill one or two columns, for which he was very grateful. I did not fail to mention~~ed~~ that the census project had received the approval of the responsible officials of all European countries, the United States, and Canada, and that the Governor General of Jamaica had said that if the public spirited citizens, the Jamaica Imperial Association, and the Agricultural Society^e would cooperate in having the necessary legislation passed he would sign it. The reporter took me to a photographer to have my picture taken for the paper.

After luncheon and a nap I wrote a brief statement of the census project in the form of an official letter to Mr. De Lissier^{ier}, as requested. Then I drove down town for another supply of cigars. After supper I took a walk, but the streets were poorly lighted and full of negroes, so I returned to the hotel and retired early.

(~~De Lissier, June 7, yellow folder.~~ omit)

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After luncheon and a nap I wrote a brief statement of the census project in the form of an official letter to Mr. De la Harpe, as requested. Then I drove down town for another supply of cigars. After supper I took a walk, but the streets were poorly lighted and full of negroes, so I returned to the hotel and retired early.

(De la Harpe, June 7, Yellow Folder.)

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2711

Wednesday, June 8, still, stifling heat, broken occasionally by strong breezes. After breakfast I bought a copy of "The Gleaner" with my interview and picture on the first page and in which the Governor General was praised for his progressiveness in approving the census project. I wondered what he thought of that. ^PIn the afternoon I called again on the Secretary of the Agricultural Society, told him of my interview, and asked him to write a strong letter to the Governor General commending him on behalf of the Society commending him for his progressive and public spirited action in taking the initiative in the proposed agricultural census and assuring him of the full support of the Society; also to communicate to the editors of the various papers published in Jamaica asking them to give publicity to the enterprise, all of which he promised to do. In fact, he was quite enthusiastic over the prospect of having an agricultural census in Jamaica.

Next I visited the Institute of Jamaica. It was housed in a small brick building, with a free circulating library on the ground floor. On the upper floor was a collection of paintings and engravings, some of which were interesting. In one corner was a natural history museum with an excellent collection of Indian stone and pottery ware, shells, mounted birds, insects, water color illustrations of native plants and flowers, and a collection of native woods, and outside were some native animals, a lynx that resembled a squirrel, some turtles, an iguana, some doves and other birds.

Returning to the hotel I sat in the shade of a palm and had a "planter's punch." It is made of ^fruit juice and rum, a combination I did not like. It was very hot in the evening and not a breath of air stirring.

(Dragon, June 8, yellow folder. omit

(1927, June, Kinkhston.

E--2712m

Thursdy, June 9, clear and hot. In the early morning the harbor was as smooth as glass. By 11 a.m. a high wind was blowing and the sea became very rough. I sat up the night before until 2 a.m. reading "Revelry," which held my attention but was read with a feeling of profound disgust. After reading the book I threw it in the waste basket. So far as I am concerned, such books should never be printed.

After breakfast I called at the office of the steamship company and learned that the "Lisboa" would sail at 3 p.m.; also that it would stop at Jacmel, the port nearest Port au Prince; so I had my ticket changed to that port. In preparation for the voyage I bought a book, a bottle of cognac, and a box of cigars. The cigar maker in the alley and his mulatto wife recognized me from my picture in the paper. His cigars were both good and cheap.

Returning to the hotel I packed up, had an excellent luncheon, and sat on the pier on the hotel grounds for awhile watching the dancing waves, the lights and shades on the green mountain slopes, and in the water on both sides of the sea wall, and a well developed man and woman in bathing. At the customhouse I asked for the return of my revolver. The official in charge was very indifferent and kept me waiting nearly half an hour while an employe went somewhere for the pistol, and then I was told the employe would go aboard with me and turn the death-dealing weapon over to me as the boat began to swing away from the pier. The Lisboa was a small Dutch freighter, with four small cabins that opened into the little dining salon. The purser was not there when I arrived, so my baggage was piled in a heap in the dining room. Mr. Haller came aboard, the only other passenger, whom I had met on the boat from ~~Jamaica~~ Santiago. He said he was on his way to see his aged mother at Curacao, where he was born.

The Lisboa did not sail until 6.20 p.m., which meant that Mr.

(1927, June, Kingston.

E--2713.

Haller and I waited three and a half hours in the small dining room or on the little and very crowded deck covered with coal and coal dust, and stifflingly hot. When we asked for beer the steward brought some, but said there was no ice, so it was almost as warm as tea. Supper was served soon after the boat got under ^{way}weigh. It consisted of boiled beef and potatoes, dry bread and cheese, and tea. No doubt this was nutritious, but it certainly was not attractive or appetizing. There were five passengers in all and one of them occupied the same small cabin with me.

We passed out of the harbor at sundown. It was a beautiful sight to see the rippling water, the three ranges of blue mountains one above the other against the sly, Kingston spread out over a flat plain between the mountains and the sea, and up the mountain side was the zigzag line of the road as white as if it had been painted. It was a new road cut in the mountain side and its whiteness was due to the limestone character of the rock and soil. We rounded Port Royal shortly after sunset. After supper the passengers ^{sat}~~sat~~ in canvas chairs in a narrow space on the deck. I began to read a copy of "Tom Cringle's Log" by Michael Scott that I had picked up in a second hand book shop. It was interesting because the scene of the story was laid in Kingston a century or more ago.

Friday, June 10, a bright pleasant day. The little boat floundered through a heavy sea. The waves dashed over the bow and the boat rose and fell with a heaving circular motion. It was hot in the sun but pleasant under the awning because a steady breeze was blowing. I spent the day in a canvas chair reading "Tom Cringle's Log." At times the sea was the deepest blue imaginable. Yesterday I was told we would reach Jacmel this morning. This was a mistake. ~~In the afternoon.~~ In the afternoon we were passing along a mountainous coast to the north, which I was told was Cuba. During the day I saw a few

porpoises and one little flying fish. The other passengers slept all day. Three of them were seasick and very miserable. The meals were abominable. For breakfast a kind of mush was served, with bread and cheese, and a cup of the poorest coffee I could remember. For luncheon we had the remains of the boiled beef and potatoes from the previous day, dry bread and cheese, green bananas, and tea. For supper, the same. Both the bread and the cheese were old, stale, and so hard that it was difficult to cut them with a knife. Melted margarine was served for those who asked for butter--but no one touched it after one look at it, and no one asked for it a second time. The boat had no ice and water and beer were lukewarm. I mention this because the poor fare seemed inexcusable. The boat made short voyages between ports and could easily have kept a supply of ice, fresh bread, good coffee, all kinds of poultry and fish, and tropical fruits.

Saturday, June 11, clear and hot. I was up at 6 a.m., dressed, and went on deck. We were then a few miles off the coast of Haiti. The waves were coming in great swells that rocked the boat badly. Three of the passengers spent the night in chairs on deck. By 7 o'clock we had rounded a point and entered an open bay with high bluffs, hills, and mountains behind the town of Jacmel at the head of the bay. As we proceeded into the bay the sea became calmer. Half a mile west of the town a small river emptied into the sea from the north. There was a war of waters where the stream, which was in flood and very muddy and full of debris, met the incoming waves. Everywhere else the surf beat high up on the beach and cliffs. The town is built on the slope of a wooded hill and looks pretty from the harbor. There was a small cathedral at the highest point and enough beautiful trees in the streets and yards to make it look

(1927, June, Jacmel.

E--2715.

like a forest city. The noise made by the conflict of the flooded river and the waves could be heard more than a mile away and sounded like a great cataract. A negro pilot came aboard shortly after 7 a.m. and took the boat farther out, against the irreverent and blasphemous protests of the big Dutch captain.. Then we had breakfast of dried bread and cheese and something that passed as coffee. This fare and a berth in a small ill smelling cabin for two nights, the intervening day, and five meals, cost me \$35.00.

The Customs Officer was ~~from Houston, Texas~~, Mr. Lassiter, ^{He was from Houston, Texas,} came out in a launch. He cheerfully agreed to take me and my baggage ashore. When I explained my mission and desire to reach Port au Prince he readily volunteered to help me. He said the road was bad because of torrential rains the day and night before. By the time we reached the wharf we were good friends. There was no examination of my baggage and we walked right through the customhouse to his office across the street. Over the telephone he succeeded in finding an acquaintance who intended to leave at noon for Port au Prince by automobile and who would be glad to take me along. Mr.

Lassiter went with me down the street and introduced me to Mr. Hemke, a mulatto, son of a German consul and a native woman, who said he would call for me at 1 p.m. We met several other people who said it would be impossible to cross the river, but that it might be passible tomorrow after the water had a chance to subside.

After sitting awhile in the office of the Collector and seeing that he had some work to do I took a walk up through the town to the church at the top of a rather high hill. In front of the church was a covered market full of people, mostly women, many of whom had walked long distances with their baskets of produce. It was excessively hot. I inquired of several people the way to the bank where I could change some money, but none of them understood either my French or

(1927, June, Jacmel.

E--2716.

Spanish--neither could I understand their language, which was supposed to be French. At the foot of the hill I met a soldier who ordered a little boy to show me the bank, which he did. I tried to exchange ^{to}~~to~~ pound notes, but the bank officials did not seem to know what they were. When I showed them a ten dollar bill, however, they were accommodating. With the little boy as a guide I found a small shop where I bought some photographic films and a bottle of beer. The colored woman in charge said the price was in "gold," and I assured her that all American money was the same as gold anywhere in the world, and she acquiesced. Then I walked down a long narrow street that ran parallel with the beach. It was lined on both sides with miserable little huts. Beyond the end of the street were scattering huts and patches of gardens, and then came the beach and river. The river was a turbid rushing torrent a hundred yards wide and its banks and the beach on both sides were covered with trunks of trees, bushes torn up by the roots, leaves and other vegetation, and all sorts of debris brought down by the flood.

I walked back to the office of Mr. Lassiter and he arranged for the transfer of my baggage to the one little hotel in the place.

I followed the baggage to the hotel and arranged with the proprietor for an early luncheon. While waiting for luncheon I took a seat under a canopy in the rear and had a bottle of cold German beer. The American military commandant and the medical officer of the district came in and joined me. After they left the engineer of the district, Mr. Lee, came in and we had a martini together. He said he came from Port au Prince the day before and was held up overnight by the river. He said that ordinarily there ^{was}~~wa~~s no difficulty crossing the fords because the stream was narrow and shallow, but now the water came over the hoods of the cars and soft mud two feet deep had been deposited along the banks. He and his party had to spend

the night in the open across the stream from the town. They got very thirsty, because the water in the stream and on the ground was turbid and unfit to drink. A man was sent across the river for water. He waded and swam across and in due time returned with two canteens. The stream at that point was only about fifty feet wide and instead of throwing the canteens directly across he turned in the wrong direction and threw them down stream and they were lost. This meant a second trip back to the town, a distance of three miles.

~~At~~ Then Mr. ~~Lee~~^{Lee} came to say that he had decided to postpone his trip until the following morning. Mr. Lee said he would bring out the Public Works truck and try to help us across. He said there were several machines already stuck in the river. Mr. Lassiter suggested that in the event we could not cross the stream in the morning we could telephone to Port au Prince and have an automobile come to the opposite bank and I could cross on a horse.

Mr. Lee told of an automobile that got as far as the stream with several colored passengers, one of them a woman weighing about 300 pounds. She brought with her a new straw hat with a red ostrich feather of which she was very proud. In the excitement and confusion of getting stuck in the middle of the muddy swirling stream, getting out and wading the rest of the distance with the aid of a rope held by men on the bank, the hat fell unnoticed to the bottom of the automobile. When the fat lady discovered that her precious war headdress was left behind she became violent and wanted to wade back for it, but was restrained. One of the men volunteered to rescue the hat. He found that it had been trampled on by muddy feet and was soaked by the water that had risen in the car. This was a real tragedy to the fat woman.

After Mr. Lee left I engaged a room on the second floor. It was large, but bare and poorly furnished. It had three doors and

(1927, June, Jacmel.

E--2718.

two windows with heavy iron shutters half an inch thick. The luncheon that was served was so unprepossessing that I made a meal of a piece of bread, a pineapple, and a bottle of beer.. I took a long nap and did some writing. Mr. Lee was to have come at 5 p.m. to take me out to see the river, but it rained so hard that ^{we} ~~he~~ did not ~~come~~ go. Instead, we sat on the rear balcony and he talked steadily, while I listened. He ^{ai} ~~said~~ he was educated as an engineer at the University of Minnesota, served two years in France, returned, married, took up a homestead in Montana, and had been in Haiti two years as engineer of public works. He said that within the previous ten days there had been a riot among the workmen on the road. About a thousand of them overpowered the paymaster, ~~and that~~ ^{the} next day he and three companions went out, rounded up the men, picked out and arrested ^{fifteen} ~~thirteen~~ of the leaders, who were summarily tried, convicted, and put to work on the road as convicts.

Before Mr. Lee left, the lieutenant of the district and a Mr. Wolf came in and sat with us. Mr. Wolf and I had supper together. Together, also, we went to the house of Mr. Lassiter. It was an attractive place on the slope overlooking the harbor. There I met his trim and pretty young wife. Mr. Lassiter had been called out to inspect a Norwegian ship that had just come in. Mr. Wolf talked so steadily that it became tiresome, in spite of the fact that he was very interesting. He was from New York and said he was in Panama from the time work began on the canal until it was completed.

When I returned to the hotel at 10.30 p.m. I found it in complete darkness and the outer doors locked. It took a good deal of knocking and kicking on the door to waken a porter to let me in.

Sunday, June 12, clear and hot. All night I could hear the roar of the surf two blocks away. I was up at 5 a.m. It was pleasantly cool at that hour. I had a fine view from my back window

(1927, June, Jacmel.

E--2719.

over a garden of waving palms, trees, vines, and plants, ~~to the~~ to the tree covered mountains. About 9.30 a.m. Messrs. Lee and Lassiter called to say that it would be impracticable to cross the river in machines until the following day. Mr. Lee said my baggage could go to Port au Prince by government truck. We went down stairs and had a bottle of beer together and I was introduced to the doctor of the port. About 11 a.m. Mr. Lee took me out in his automobile to see a new bridge his department was building. It looked like a good piece of work and he was proud of it. He pointed out the ^{spot} ~~set~~ where he spent the night when the stream rose. The stream looked rediculously small to me, not more than 25 to 30 feet wide, but was swift and had low but perpendicular mud banks that looked impassible for an automobile. He said the stream was four feet deep with a mud bottom.

At the hotel I met Dr. Burk, pharmacist, who was very intelligent and interesting, and we sat talking until 1 p.m. I had luncheon with Mr. Wolf, who was very talkative. Among other things he told of using 75 sticks of dynamite to blow up some stumps for the new bridge and for two days thereafter he suffered from severe headaches and then broke out in a rash. Another of his statements was that ninety percent of the natives suffered from venereal diseases.

After luncheon I took a nap and woke up about 4 p.m. with the sun shining in the west window. I closed the shutter to that window and opened one to the north to let in more air, because the breeze ~~had~~ had died down and it was insufferably hot. A few minutes later ~~the~~ ^{proprietor} ~~waiter~~ came up to tell me that the shutter must be kept closed because in the next house on that side lived three old maids who objected to any shutters being left open on ~~that~~ ^{their} side. The proprietor closed the shutter against my protest, but as soon as I heard his footsteps on the stairs I opened them again, and they remained open.

(1927, June, Jacmel.

E--2720.

I read in "Tom Cringle's Log" until Mr. Lee called. We went down stairs and were joined by Mr. Wolf. By this time I had come to realize that the American officials and employes marooned in this small, remote, out-of-the-way place inhabited only by a most degenerate type of negroes, were hungering and thirsting for some one from the great outside world to talk to. We sat together, drinking beer, smoking, and talking until 7 p.m. Both professed to be much interested in my account of Egypt.

Mr. Wolf and I had supper together. Fried pigeon was served, but it was not good, and I made my supper of bread, tomatoes, and coffee. I was told that the proprietor of the hotel was living with the head waitress. Both were mulattoes. One of my companions said that life in the tropics completely demoralizes women in that it breaks up their functional periodicity and they become more like men and many incredible scandals result, some of which he related as one having had personal experience.

Monday, June 13, bright and hot. I was up early. For breakfast I asked for a ham omelette, but when it came I could not eat it. It was like a leathery sponge, flabby, tough, and saturated with grease. At 8 a.m. I called at the office of Mr. Lee and sat with him two solid hours while he explained his filing system. Two minutes would have been quite sufficient. At 10 a.m. the government truck showed up with a driver and two men. They took on my baggage and I sat on the trunk. Three or four miles out we came to the little river that had caused so much trouble. On the other side was Mr. Hempke with his car. He called out for me to come across and join him. I did so on the back of a little pony, leaving the baggage to come by truck. The stream was not deep, but the pony's legs were short and the water came almost to the top of the saddle, so that I got wet, even with my legs hoisted above its neck. I brought

(1927, June, Haiti.

E--2721.

across with me my brief case and a few sandwiches.

The stream ran between wooded hills, otherwise known as jungle, with a flat strip of ground that sometimes widened out to a hundred yards or more. Mostly it was covered with rocks and dense vegetation, except for an occasional clearing the size of a kitchen garden with a shabby hut and family in the middle. We started up stream direction and within a few minutes had a blowout. While the tire was being repaired several trucks came from the opposite direction loaded with ~~passengers~~^{passengers}. They could not pass until the tire was fixed and our car was pulled to one side. In a few minutes thirty or forty people, mostly negroes, were gathered about to watch the operation of mending a tire. The work was done leisurely and there was much talking and joking, laughing and cackling. When the tire was fixed it was found that the motor would not start. A group of men put their shoulders to the car and pushed it to one side so that the trucks could proceed. Then it was discovered that the chauffeur had sent a man back to Jacmel for a new tire and we had to await his return.

While waiting I did a little exploring, but not much because of the excessive heat in the shut-in wooded little valley. Not far from where we were stranded were a few miserable little huts with some bananas and miscellaneous garden truck about them. In one of these gardens, not more than fifty feet square, I noted bananas, cotton, tobacco, beans, tomatoes, manioc, and maize.. The road was swarming with native men and women, many of them carrying bundles or baskets. They were all undersized and had thin legs, narrow shoulders, flat breasts, and ugly faces.

11.
The new tire came and we got started again at 4.30 p.m. Until 3 p.m. we followed the winding mountain stream to Troukin, a cross roads village where we entered the main highway or trunk line

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til 5 p.m. we followed the winding mountain stream to Troukin, a

cross roads village where we entered the main highway or trunk line

(1927, June, Haiti.

E--2722.

along the watershed to Port au Prince. In getting to this point we had crossed the mountain stream ("Grand River" was its name) more than sixty times, and in some places there was no trace of a road, the automobile making its way over waterworn stones and boulders. Every time we crossed the stream the car would drop down a mud bank into two or three feet of water, slosh across, and strike a mud bank on the other side. We saw at least six trucks and automobiles stalled in the mud banks at different places. The public truck with my baggage had passed us while the tire was being repaired, but two hours later we passed it stalled in mid stream. Fearing that the truck might not get through I had the baggage transferred to another truck that had pulled out of the mud and was ready to go. The valley up which we had come was very narrow with high hills and mountains on both sides. Rarely was the valley or gorge more than one hundred yards wide. Along the route was a succession of rude huts, single rooms made of poles, palm leaves, sticks and mud, each with a little half cultivated garden of miscellaneous stuff. There were many pedestrians with burdens, and many men and children, and some women, were in bathing, stark naked in the stream by the roadside. Physically they were the poorest and least attractive specimens I have ever seen. The distance from Jacmel to the cross roads was said to be twenty-five miles, and it took us five hours to go that distance. But it was all up grade, there was no road, and most of the distance was up the rock and boulder strewn bed of a gorge. The punishment the automobiles and trucks took and their performance was marvelous. I could not have believed that any car could jump like a billy goat from one large stone to another and keep it up for hours if I had not seen it done with my own eyes.

From the cross roads village with its one little store

(1927, June, Haiti. E--2723.

we had a fairly good road, damaged and covered with mud in places from the torrential rains, but still it was a road and it was all down grade. For a considerable distance before reaching Port au Prince the road followed parallel~~y~~ and near to the shore of the great bay, although the mountains seemed quite near. At one place I saw an old fashioned sugar mill, rollers mounted on a heavy frame work, with a long pole as a lever, to which were hitched three small ponies that were kept walking by a small boy driver. Much of the low land along the coast was swampy and under water from the recent heavy rains. In this low section most of the flimsy huts of the natives were surrounded by shallow water and looked very dreary and repulsive. Throughout the entire distance of about sixty miles from Jacmel I did not see a single stretch of a hundred yards of road without one or more pedestrians. The road improved as we approached the city, which we entered about 5 p.m. *ff* We drove down the main street, Grand Rue, and through the Champ de Mars, past the executive mansion and other public buildings, and up a hill a mile out to a little hotel, or pension, that had been highly recommended to me by the officials in Jacmel, and one of them had been kind enough to telephone ahead for a reservation. I walked into the place and could see no sign of an office or desk. I walked through the dining room and about the verandas until I saw a slouchy looking negro and told him I wanted a room, that some one had telephoned from Jacmel to have a room ready for me. He disappeared to consult with some one and when he ^{re}appeared he took me to the floor above. He showed me to a small bare room without bath or facilities of any kind. I protested. He took me into the adjoining room in which were two Americans partly dressed and lying on a bed. I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Lee to the proprietress and showed it to the man on the near side of the bed. He read it leisurely and then jumped up and intro-

(1927, June, Port au Prince.

E--2724.

duced me to his companion. I apologized for the intrusion and said it was due do the imbecile who brought me there and who appeared to speak some kind of American Indian tongue that I could not understand. I learned that one of them was from Connecticut and the other from New Jersey and both were employed as engineers on public works. I said that this place had been recommended as the best hotel in the city, but I was not favorably impressed and wanted to know if I could not find a better place down in the city. Both protested that this was the coolest, cleanest, and set the best table of any place in the city. After talking awhile I returned to my own cubicle~~le~~ and lay down on a cot, feeling very tired and depressed for I had looked forward to getting into a decent hotel in the capital of Haiti. ~~Thursday, June 14, clear and hot. I had breakfast with a~~

The dining room was fairly well filled with Americans, apparently all government employes. One of the men I had met sat with me. When I said I wanted to meet the authorities responsible for agriculture he called to a Mr. Kincaid, sitting at another table, who came over and we were introduced. He was connected with the Extension Service Technique. When I told him I wished to meet the director of his service he very obligingly arranged by telephone for an appointment the next morning. We sat up until 10 p.m. and I listened to their stories. All three had been pretty well over the island. They said it was just about the size of Connecticut, much of it unoccupied and in jungle wilderness; that it has a population estimated at two and a half million, all black, ignorant, superstitious, childlike, puny, syphilitic, generally subject to malaria of the malignant type. They said that when the blacks got control of the island several generations ago they systematically killed off the whites, the mulattoes, and all negroes without flat noses and thick lips and kinky hair[✓], the idea being to make it a

He took me to his companion. I apologized for the intrusion and said it was due to the imbecile who brought me there and who appeared to speak some kind of American Indian tongue that I could not understand. I learned that one of them was from Connecticut and the other from New Jersey and both were employed as engineers on public works. I said that this place had been recommended as the best hotel in the city, but I was not favorably impressed and wanted to know if I could not find a better place down in the city. Both protested that this was the coolest, cleanest, and set the best table of any place in the city. After talking awhile I returned to my own quarters and lay down on a cot, feeling very tired and depressed for I had looked forward to getting into a decent hotel in the capital of Haiti.

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(1927, June, Port au Prince.

E--2725.

purely negro country. The language consists mostly of verbs and nouns, French words shortened or corrupted, without conjunctions or prepositions; that the men like to work shoulder to shoulder rather than be scattered about, and work best to the beating of some kind of instrument or chanting so that they can all keep time together in their movements; that many of their names are made up of two common names and the given name of father or grandfather; that practically all of them are squatters on land to which they have no title; that the legal heirs of large tracts of land are afraid to venture on it for fear of being killed and they derive little or no income from it. Altogether they drew a very depressing picture of the native Hatians.

Tuesday, June 14, clear and hot. I had breakfast with a military aide who took me in his car to the office down town of Mr. Hemke, to whom I paid \$17.50 as my half the expense of the car from Jackmel the previous day. I walked about the streets for awhile looking for cigars, took a look at two of the hotels, which were not prepossessing and made me better satisfied to stay where I was, and had my shoes polished. I stopped at a bank to cash a check, and then called on the American Consul, Mr. Dunlap. His office was on the first floor of an old building down town and the door was wide open. I walked in and was surprised to be greeted by name. It turned out that he had been employed in the Information Office of the U.S. Department of Agriculture in 1913-14, remembered me very well, and recognized me instantly. We talked for more than an hour. Back of his office was a vacant lot full of interesting plants.

At 10 a.m. I called at the Service Technique and met Dr. George F. Freeman, the director, and had a long and satisfactory interview with him. He described the organization of the agricultural service, the establishment of agricultural and manual training schools,

(1927, June, Port au Prince.

E--2726.

the demonstration farms and experiment stations, and the introduction of improved varieties of cattle. Dr. Freeman was a large man, rotund, good natured, blond, sanguine temperament, born in Alabama, was eight years with the agricultural experiment station of Arizona, four years in Egypt, and several years in Indo-China as cotton expert for the French government, had been around the world twice, and this was his fourth year in Haiti. He had accomplished a good deal and was obviously well satisfied with himself. He was cordial, open, frank, and talked mostly of his work, so that it was a little difficult to interest him in the census project. However, I persisted until he suggested the appointment of a committee to consider the project.

At 12.30 p.m. Dr. Freeman took me across to the American Consulate where I met a Mr. Colson and Mr. Dunlap. The four of us had luncheon together at a French restaurant where both the food and the wine were good. Mr. Colson took me to his office where with a Mr. Stanley we discussed the census project for half an hour or more. Then he took me to the residence of Dr. Freeman. It was an old two story ^{spacious} ~~Spanish~~ building half way up the hill and overlooking the city and bay, with ample grounds and a Bermuda grass lawn, a pavilion, and many palms and plants which afforded plenty of shade. and a good view of the mountains. A table and chairs were set in the shade and kept supplied with lemonade and cocktails. Around the table were the members of the committee Dr. Freeman had called to meet me to consider the census project. In addition to Dr. Freeman, Director; Mr. Colson, Deputy General Receiver; Mr. John C. Stanley, Director General of Internal Revenue; and two or three other officials. Their description of conditions in the island was not very encouraging, although they acknowledged the need of a census and agreed to cooperate in every way possible.

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(1927, June, Port au Prince.

E--2727.

After the committee dispersed Dr. Freeman took me in his car to the top of the mountain where we had a magnificent view of the wooded slopes, a gorge with a roaring torrent in it, of the city, the harbor, the twinkling lights of the city and harbor, and stretching away to the horizon was the sea, with many green islands. To the north was a high range of wooded mountains. To the east a full moon was rising majestically over the mountains. Then we drove through a residential section of the city to my hotel.

I had supper at the hotel. I sent a servant out with some money for a supply of cigars. He returned in half an hour to say that he had not been able to find any. I was disappointed in this, and greatly fatigued from a long hot day, and retired early.

Wednesday, June 15, clear and hot. My sleep was troubled during the night and in the morning I discovered the cause. The netting over the cot was covered with mosquitoes so gorgeously that they could not escape. It was very hot until the land breeze began to blow. For breakfast I had a boiled egg, bread, a banana, and coffee. I had breakfast with the Provost Marshall, a big fellow who frankly said he did not like Haiti or the Haitians.

After breakfast I walked part way and rode part way to the American Consulate, which I reached at 8.30 a.m. Mr. Dunlap had not yet reached his office. I talked with his assistant, an intelligent mulatto about trying to get a conveyance to Santo Domingo. He said it would probably cost about \$100 for the trip by automobile. I asked him to look into the matter for me and make the best terms possible. Then I explored the neighborhood and found some cigars. Then ^{at} ~~to~~ a bank and cashed a check for \$100 for the trip to Santo Domingo.

Returning to the Consulate I listened to Mr. Dunlap expatiate on his hobby, archeology. He was especially interested in old ruins and bells, of which he had many photographs. On the street a mulatto

(1927, June, Port au Prince.

E--2728.

accosted me and asked if I was the man who wanted to go to Santo Domingo the following day. He said he thought he had another passenger and that the charge would be \$50 each. I ~~a~~^greed and he asked me to be ready at 5 a.m.

I hired an automobile to take me back to the hotel. It was about two miles from the down town section. The road was rough and went through a residential district with many fine trees. The main part of the city was more or less dilapidated and very repulsive, with dirty, unkempt looking houses, unpainted and out of repair, rough broken sidewalks, some of them four feet above the street level, dirty little shops, and under-sized blacks, ugly and repulsive looking negroes everywhere-- the most degenerate looking humans I have seen anywhere in the world. The streets seemed to be without names, except a few of the larger ones. The language spoken is Sudanese, slightly modified by French. I did not meet a single person who claimed to be able to understand the Hatian French. It has to be learned as a foreign language, even by the French. The children are taught to speak, read, and write French in the schools as a foreign language, because school French does not correspond to the African version of French they learn in their homes. In the annual report of the Service Technique is the statement that the veterinarian clinics reported 35,000 cases of burros and ponies brought to them for treatment suffering from chronic and deeply inflamed galls, sores, and ulcers, the result of cruel treatment and neglect. The natives were said to work their animals until they drop, and always they are underfed, and are watered only when convenient. The report also mentioned one family with six boys of school age, but only one could go to school because there was only one suit of clothes in the family and the school would not accept the other five naked.

At 10.30 a.m. Dr. Freeman and the Vice Director of Farm Schools

accompanied me and asked if I was the man who wanted to go to Gonaïves the following day. He said he thought he had another passenger and that the charge would be \$50 each. I agreed and he asked me to be ready at 5 a.m.

I hired an automobile to take me back to the hotel. It was about two miles from the town section. The road was rough and went through a residential district with many fine trees. The main part of the city was more or less dilapidated and very repulsive, with dirty, unkempt looking houses, unpainted and out of repair, rough broken sidewalks, some of them four feet above the street level, dirty little shops, and under-sized blacks, ugly and repulsive looking negroes everywhere--the most degenerate looking humans I have seen anywhere in the world. The streets seemed to be without names, except a few of the larger ones. The language spoken is Guianese, slightly modified by French. I did not meet a single person who claimed to be able to understand the Haitian French. It has to be learned as a foreign language, even by the French. The children are taught to speak, read, and write French in the schools as a foreign language, because school French does not correspond to the African version of French they learn in their homes. In the annual report of the Service Technique is the statement that the veterinarian clinics reported 55,000 cases of burros and ponies brought to them for treatment suffering from chronic and deeply inflamed galls, sores, and ulcers, the result of cruel treatment and neglect. The natives were said to work their animals until they drop, and always they are underfed, and are watered only when convenient. The report also mentioned one family with six boys of school age, but only one could go to school because there was only one suit of clothes in the family and the school would not accept the other five naked.

At 10.30 a.m. Dr. Freeman and the Vice-Director of the schools

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E;;2729

called. They tried to arrange by telephone for an appointment with the ^President, but did not succeed. Then we drove to the ~~E~~xecutive Mansion and I was introduced to the Secretary of Agriculture, Education and Labor. He was a small, elderly, effeminate looking negro Haitian. However, he spoke French that I could understand. He was affable in manner and assured me that his department would cooperate in the census project. I thanked him on behalf of the Institute, told him that his assurance of cooperation would be communicated to the Institute, and we departed. I asked Dr. Freeman what salary the Secretary of Agriculture got and what his profession was before he was appointed to a cabinet position. He said the minister was formerly a country school teacher at about eight dollars a month, but as minister he received a salary of five thousand dollars.

Dr. Freeman had to return to his office for a conference with the Sanitary Commission, but he directed his chauffeur to drive me back to my hotel, with the understanding that he would call for me in the afternoon. I had luncheon and did some writing.

Dr. Freeman called for me at 2 p.m. After a short stop at his office and another at the postoffice to purchase some stamps we drove through the city and out to the Hasso Sugar Plantation ^{where} ~~ghew~~ a large area was planted to sugar cane, irrigated, and heading out. The company had about eighteen thousand acres in cane. In a small irrigating ditch outside the plantation were three naked women taking a bath. They stood up and grinned at us as we stopped near them to open a gate. We drove a few miles through the estate until we came to the mill where the cane was ground and the juice converted into molasses. The molasses was stored in four large concrete tanks, each about eighty by forty feet square and twelve feet deep. The tanks were full and the molasses was covered with a nasty looking

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Dr. Freeman called for me at 2 p.m. After a short stop at his

office and another at the postoffice to purchase some stamps we drove through the city and out to the Haas Sugar Plantation where a large area was planted to sugar cane, irrigated, and heading out. The company had about fifteen thousand acres in cane. In a small irrigating ditch outside the plantation were three naked women taking a bath. They stood up and grinned at us as we stopped near them to open a gate. We drove a few miles through the estate until we came to the mill where the cane was ground and the juice converted into molasses. The molasses was stored in four large concrete tanks, each about eighty by forty feet square and twelve feet deep. The tanks were full and the molasses was covered with a nasty looking

(1927, June, Port au Prince.

E--1730.

scum. All this molasses was to be used in the manufacture of alcohol.

A few miles further we came to the Danin Experiment Station with new buildings, laboratories, and equipment. There were plots of sugar cane, sorghum varieties, maize, sweet potatoes, bananas, cotton, and other plantations, all looking well. Dr. Freeman said the sweet potato was a native of the island and grew wild. Adjoining the experiment station was an industrial school. A mile or more from the station was an experimental plantation of sisal covering about a hundred acres. The sisal plants were flourishing. Across the road was a large field of tree cotton. The experimental field yielded 500 pounds of seed cotton per acre. At one corner of the field was a large machine for decorticating sisal, with steam engine, tank, etc. My attention was called to the water tank that had fallen from the top of a tall concrete platform. It was made of one/eighth inch steel, lay on the ground, and was crumpled, dented, and battered in like a tin can. When set up it was air-tight, with an inlet and an outlet pipe each controlled by valves. When installed it was pumped full of water. Soon afterwards some one left the outlet pipe open and the inlet pipe closed so that as the water was withdrawn and none came in to replace it, a vacuum was created. When the tank was nearly empty it collapsed from the pressure of the air outside and with such violence that it was torn loose from its moorings and thrown to the ground.

Next we drove for many miles over a fairly good road to a small village near the foot of the mountains. ^{Along} ~~All~~ the roads, the wood roads as well as the main highway, were little thatched mud huts in which the natives lived, unlovely, repulsive habitations, surrounded by bare ground and litter, complete absence of plants of any kind, and as unattractive as a pig sty. Many children were to

(1927, June, Port au Prince.

E--2731.

be seen running about, naked, black, scrawny and potbellied. Within a few miles of Port au Prince vegetation was luxuriant, indicating plenty of rain. Only a few miles farther out the vegetation ~~is~~ was thin, showing deficient rainfall. Evidently the moisture in the clouds is condensed as rain in the mountains back of the city, but only a few miles away they pass through a gap in the mountains without condensation.

We returned to Dr.Freeman's house about 7 p.m. It was a large house and Dr.Freeman said that it was occupied through several administrations by a German who loaned money to the government, with the result that he became the power behind the throne. In one of the rooms a man was murdered; in another a man committed suicide. On the walls hung many old paintings and mirrors. The upper walls were shot full of holes in some of the former revolutions.

Soon after we arrived Mr.Colson came, and he was followed by Dr.Forbes, at one time director of the Arizona Agricultural Experiment Station and more recently in charge of cotton investigations in French Nigeria. Next came Mr.Dunlap, the American Consul, and Mr.Barber, the Forester. A nice supper was served with coffee and excellent wines.

It was a very pleasant affair, a sort of oasis that one remembers as a bright and shining spot in his experience. We were all Americans gathered together in a foreign land, a half-savage and wholly uncivilized land, all traveled and full of experiences, all friends, because I did not feel a stranger inasmuch as we were all interested in agriculture and I had known both Dr.Freeman and Dr.Forbes through correspondence and bulletins for many years. Dr.Frobes said that the area of land in the French Sudan suitable for growing cotton is practically unlimited, but the country is thinly populated and there is lack of labor. He mentioned a plant with a flower stem a foot

(1927, Port au Prince.

E--2732.

or more in length from which the negroes obtain a fiber that is not affected by water and which they use for making fish nets.

Mr. Colson referred to his interest in postage stamps and the collection he had accumulated.

Mr. Dunlap was interested in many things, but expressed himself freely in favor of the United States taking a constructive attitude towards and becoming a civilizing influence in backward countries.

Mr. Barber, the forester, said that most of his time was devoted to developing the sisal industry.

Mr. Colson quoted statistics to show that in 1790 more than ten times as much sugar was exported from Haiti ^{as} ~~than~~ at present. All were agreed that the tendency in Haiti since the whites were expelled in ~~1804~~ 1804 was to give up cultivated crops and to depend more and more upon uncultivated crops, such as coffee and cotton that both grew wild. Mr. Colson described a country school he had visited the week before. An application had been received for an increase in the rental of the school building, so he went out to look it over. The school had a director and a teacher, each of whom received about eight dollars a month. The building was nothing but some posts, a roof, some broken benches, and a map. There was no blackboard or any evidence of instruction being given by means of books. The structure was about eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide. The school attendance was reported to be about fifteen. Dr. Freeman said that most of the teachers could read, but some of them could not, and that most of them had neither books nor writing materials.. All agreed that the people of Santo Domingo had advanced far and away ahead of the Hatians, although they are fewer in number, which was attributed to the fact that a larger proportion of the Santo Dominicans were of the white race. In this connection

(1927, June, Port au Prince.

E--2733.

Dr. Freeman said that the financial adviser to the government had related that in a session with the President concerning the appointment of professors and teachers from foreign countries, the President had said that only German men should be appointed, preferably big ones. The American adviser wanted to know what was the matter with appointing American men as professors and school teachers if only competent ones were selected. The President said it was because he wanted to see the Haitian stock improved; he knew that German men would do the job if they had a chance and an increase in the mulatto population would be visible within a year or two, but there was clearly something the matter with Americans and British that kept them from mixing with the native population; that the French, Spanish, and Portuguese would mix, but he believed that the Germans were of better stock. Then he added, "You Americans have had your chance; you have been here several years, but there is no visible evidence of it in the color and physique of the babies born since you came. No, we should have big German teachers."

While this interesting conversation was going on I sat in a low and rather ornate mahogany arm chair. Some one addressed a question to me and I turned rather quickly and the chair collapsed, a complete wreck. Upon examination it appeared that almost every piece of wood in the chair had been hollowed out to a mere shell by termites, little white ant-like insects. No trace of the insects was visible on the outside, but inside little was left in places except the surface polish.

We spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening together. They assured me that in 1930 an attempt would be made to take some sort of an agricultural census, but it would have to be limited to essentials because of the half-savage jungle character of the country. At 10 p.m.

(1927, June, Port au Prince.

E--2734.

I excused myself on the ground that I had to get up early the next morning with a long journey ahead of me, and I expressed my pleasure at having been entertained by them and my appreciation of their helpfulness and cooperation. Dr. Freeman took me to the hotel. After parting from him I succeeded in finding the major domo, paid my bill, and charged him to see that I was awakened at 4 a.m. and that a cup of coffee should be ready.

(Wife, June 15, /yellow folder.

(1927 June, Haiti-Santo Domingo.

E--2734.

Thursday, June 16, clear and very hot. The man whom I had engaged to take me to Santo Domingo came with his car at 5 a.m. He said he had called up three times the previous evening to tell me that the other passenger ^{had} ~~had~~ changed his plans and would not go so that if I went alone the fare would be \$75 instead of \$50, and the charge for the trunk would be \$⁵~~3~~ instead of \$³2. Inasmuch as I was packed up and ready to go, and if I did not take this opportunity I might have to wait a week or more for other means of transportation, I agreed to pay the extra amount.

We followed the same road I had been over the afternoon before until we reached the foot of the mountains and then began to climb. The grades were very steep until we crossed the ridge and the mountain was very dry, rocky and rough. Then we passed out into a comparatively level ^e~~s~~tr^hetch of country of small ridges and valleys covered with tropical vegetation. The country was thinly settled, almost uninhabited, and very little agriculture was to be seen. It seemed to be about 75 miles to the ⁱⁿ ~~D~~ominican border.

At the border was a small scattering village of huts and a little church and I was told it was some kind of a fiesta day. The custom house was in a small shanty by the roadside and we lost an hour or more waiting for the customs official to appear. While waiting I walked across to the church where services were being held. It was a small structure with a metal roof and lattice work walls. The small black priest wore a surplice and stood before a small altar with his back to the audience. Every time he raised his hands a bell would ring. The church was crowded, mostly with women and children.

Soon after leaving the Haitian side of the border we came to the customhouse on the Dominican side. The custom^m official and his assistant were of Spanish descent, both spoke Spanish, both were

Thursday, June 16, clear and very hot. The man whom I had engaged to take me to Santo Domingo came with his car at 5 a.m. He said he had called up three times the previous evening to tell me that the other passenger ^{had} changed his plans and would not go as first planned along the route would be 175 instead of 250, and the charge for the trunk would be \$18 instead of \$1. Inasmuch as I was packed up and ready to go, and if I did not take this opportunity I might have to wait a week or more for other means of transportation, I agreed to pay the extra amount.

We followed the same road I had been over the afternoon before until we reached the foot of the mountains and then began to climb. The grades were very steep until we crossed the ridge and the mountain was very dry, rocky and rough. Then we passed out into a comparatively level stretch of country of small ridges and valleys covered with tropical vegetation. The country was thinly settled, almost uninhabited, and very little agriculture was to be seen. It seemed to be about 15 miles to the Dominican border.

At the border was a small scattering village of huts and a little church and I was told it was some kind of a fiesta day. The custom house was in a small shack by the roadside and we lost an hour or more waiting for the customs official to appear. While waiting I walked across to the church where services were being held. It was a small structure with a metal roof and lattice work walls. The small black priest wore a surplice and stood before a small altar with his back to the audience. Every time he raised his hands a bell would ring. The church was crowded, mostly with women and children.

Soon after leaving the Haitian side of the border we came to the customhouse on the Dominican side. The customs official and his assistant were of Spanish descent, both spoke Spanish, both were

(1827, June Santo Domingo.

E--2735.

ceremoniously polite, and It soon appeared that time hung heavy on their hands and that I and my baggage was a precious diversion on an otherwise dull day. The suit cases, the brief case, the typewriter case, and the small wardrobe trunk were opened and they proceeded to examine each and every article, not so much with reference to customs regulations and tariffs, but critically as to its material, manufacture, quality, and possible use. They did this leisurely and thoroughly and with as much pleased interest as two children going through the trunks of their parents or two women rummaging through the bargain counters of a department store. It was evident that they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They were especially interested in the safety razor, a cigar lighter, and the typewriter. This last they asked me to demonstrate how it "function^{ed}~~s~~," which I did to their great admiration. Both were greatly pleased when I wrote their names and titles on a sheet of paper and handed it to them. After all this palaver and delay they decided that I owed the Dominican government thirty-six cents on my reserves stock of one dozen cigars. I paid this cheerfully, but the time it took to make all the bookkeeping entries and write out a receipt stretched my patience to the limit.

After leaving the border we had a very poor road, little more than a trail in places and ^{it} was especially bad where the soil was of a black waxy character with many ruts and holes. We had to ford several small streams that were without bridges. A modern road was under construction near the old one. The road goes through a rolling country of rich black soil with mountains on both sides covered with trees to their tops. On the Hatian side there were some clearings on the slopes of the mountains, but on the Dominican side there were none. Very few people were to be seen and the road was deserted, and to within one hundred miles of the city no farms were

(1927, June, Domingo.

E--2736.

to be seen or settlements. It was a wild country. We had a fairly good luncheon and a cold bottle of beer at a little place called San Juan.

In the afternoon we drove for about a hundred miles through a semiarid looking country covered with cacti and dead or dying trees, and many dried up streams. After we passed ^{on to} the part of the road under construction we had a fine new road the remainder of the distance. Bridges over streams were very narrow, only wide enough for one vehicle. The last fifty miles before reaching Santo Domingo the road is generally within sight of the sea and the luxuriant vegetation indicated ample rainfall. We passed through large areas of sugar cane. ~~The~~ Dominicans were superior to the Hatians in every respect, physique, mentality, dress, appearance, farms, workstock, buildings, and roads. The last ten miles before reaching the city were beautiful, good roads, magnificent coconut groves, gardens, and comfortable looking houses.

I went to a small hotel facing the plaza which was laid out like a garden and had a cathedral on one side of it. I was given a comfortable room facing the patio. After my experiences in Haiti I appreciated being in a hotel again with a clerk in an office to answer questions and servants to answer bell calls. I had a good supper and retired early.

Friday, June 17, clear and hot. I slept from 9 p.m. through to 8 a.m. and felt better for it. Had a bath and breakfast. On the street I left some films to be developed, bought a newspaper, some cigars, and a bottle of cognac. After depositing this ammunition in my room I called on the American Consul, Mr. Murphy, who said that he was stationed at Genoa from 1916 to 1920 and liked the Italian people very much, and had been in Santo Domingo a year and a half. . He

(1927, June, Santo Domingo.

E--2737.

said the population of the country was less than a million and that the principal crops were sugar cane, cacao, tobacco, and coffee. He went with me to the Ministry of Agriculture and introduced me to Senor Rafael A. Espaillat, the Minister, a large, middle aged, very dark complexioned man, ^{with} ~~and~~ a mustache. He was very cordial and said that his government would cooperate with the Institute in the agricultural census of 1930, that plans for such a census were already under consideration and he would be glad to have my advice, that he much wished me to see some of the interior of the country and its agriculture, and if agreeable he would call for me at 11 a.m. the next day and bring me back the afternoon of the following day. He spoke enthusiastically of the development of the tobacco industry, especially the growing of the Sumatra type that was in good demand in Europe. He said also that the Dominican coffee was of exceptionally good quality and that the Vatican at Rome was supplied with it.

At the Consulate I received letters from home, one from wife saying that Rosita, the dog, had died and was taken to Sunny Hill for burial. Another letter was from Thelma, saying that her puppy had died also, and that she had a young man friend.

After luncheon I took a nap and then a walk. I went down to the wharf along a river that flows by the city. It is a large ~~re~~ river and serves as a harbor. The bay is an open one so that ships anchor in the river. At the upper end of the city was a high steel bridge. I walked out to the middle of it to get some photographs.. Then I crossed town to the bay and walked along the promenade. Near the end of the promenade was the stranded hull of a U.S. warship "Memphis," which was driven ashore and onto the rocks by a great tidal wave some years before. The lower part of the city near the promenade was rather slummy looking.

(1927, June, Santo Domingo.

E--2738.

On the way back I stopped for my photographs of Kingston and Haiti, some of which were spoiled in developing. After a satisfactory supper I wrote some letters and then took a walk down to the beach. Everything was quiet and all shops closed as in all Spanish towns after dark. There was a full moon and the view of the bay with its rushing waves and white caps, its pounding surf and moonlit shore, were well worth seeing. A musical entertainment was underway at the hotel when I returned that ^{was} ~~we~~ very agreeable.

(Dragoni, June 17, yellow folder.

(Wife, same✓

(Thelma, same✓

Extract from report to the Secretary General of the Institute at Rome on Haiti, dated 17 June 1927:

x x x x x

"Tuesday, June 14. Had a long interview with the American Director of the Service Technique et de l'Enseignement, Dr. George F. Freeman, formerly Director of the State Agricultural Experiment Station of Arizona, and for several years technical agricultural adviser of the French Government in Indo-China. Dr. Freeman called a conference at his residence in the afternoon at which were present, besides he and I, Dr. E. A. Colson, Assistant Financial Adviser and General Receiver for the Haitian Government, and former Director of Education in the Philippines; Mr. John C. Stanley, Director General of Internal Revenue; and General Frank E. Evans, Commander of the Gendarmerie. I explained to the committee the organization and work of the Institute and its census project and they explained to me their organization and the difficulties involved in taking an agricultural census in Haiti.

"They said that there is no statistical organization in Haiti, except for imports and exports; that a census of agriculture has never been taken; that a census of population was taken, but it was a compilation of estimates made by priests and no one knows what the population of the Republic is; there has never been a cadastral survey; no tax is collected on land, agricultural products or livestock; land titles are in such a chaotic condition that it is impossible to classify people by tenure---(when the whites were massacred or run out of the country more than a century ago, the negroes retained or took possession and their descendants hold possession, without title other than physical occupancy, and those who have a legal title dare not live on the land or collect any revenue from the land); that less than five

per cent of the population can read or write; that the population, which is 99.9 per cent plus black, is inferior mentally and physically, 95 per cent diseased, and so densely ignorant that it will be difficult to convince them that an attempt to take a census will not be followed immediately by an attempt to collect taxes, which they have never paid except indirectly, or an attempt to conscript the males for military service--without food, clothing, or pay--; that this fear of military conscription is based on past experience, for which reason the straw huts of the natives are concealed in the hills and forests, and the males keep out of sight and rarely go to the towns, most of the intercourse with the outside world being done by the women; that there is no such thing as a pure or an organized agriculture, each family living and propagating in a little straw hut, without furniture, on the edge of an irregular clearing, usually less than an acre in extent, on which are to be found growing various useful plants, some planted but mostly wild and all mixed in together--a few scattering plants here and there, like a child's garden--bananas, coconuts, sugar cane, manioc, yams and sweet potatoes, maize, peas, and beans, tobacco, cotton, mangoes, avocados, breadfruit, punkins, squash, cucumbers, gourds, calabash, tomatoes, peppers, etc.; that coffee, cotton, mangoes, avocados, and pineapples grow wild but are harvested; However, the Service Technique has organized agricultural industrial and ~~technical~~ schools, established demonstration farms, inaugurated agricultural fairs with cash prizes, and maintains a corps of technical field agents; the Internal Revenue Department has collectors who can read and write in each of the communes; and the Gendarmerie has white commandants in every commune except one. There are about 84 communes, each divided into about ten districts. Each commune has a chief and a clerk, but unfortunately not all of them can read and write. The Church and priesthood, most of whom can read, cover the country pretty well.

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"Haiti occupies the western third of the second largest island of the Greater Antilles. It is all mountainous except for a fairly level plain extending out from Port au Prince some twenty miles, and a few undulating, somewhat broken plateaus in the mountains. Soil generally black or reddish brown, clay-loam, derived from limestone and mixed with pebbles and small boulders. Hill and mountain sides steep and precipitous and generally covered with tropical trees and vegetation, most of it armed with spines. Coffee, cotton, pine-apples and other fruits grow wild everywhere. Climate variable, rainfall depending on direction of winds and mountains; portions with ample rainfall covered with luxuriant vegetation; portions with deficient rainfall covered with cacti and half-dead acacias. Population 99.9 per cent plus black, representing descendants of a low type ^{of} Soudanese negroes, and their life, customs, manners, agriculture and all that pertains to them about as primitive and savage as may be found in central Africa. They speak a primitive African dialect, slightly modified by Creole French, which no Frenchman can understand without living a long time among them. They are said to be infested more than 95 per cent with venereal diseases, malaria, hookworm, sleeping sickness, and other maladies and insect parasites of the tropics. Generally they have pot-bellies, flat breasts and flat faces, pipestem crooked legs and arms, unusually long flat feet, bullet heads and repulsive faces. Few mulattoes and fewer whites are to be seen. The American Administration of Finance, which has nine years more to run, has made heroic efforts to instal sanitary works, establish schools, build roads, and to teach the natives better methods of agriculture and living, with some degree of success, but against tremendous difficulties. The population, like that of Egypt, is dense per ² square mile of cultivated area. The

hills and forests are full of straw huts that swarm with women and children, and the roads, paths and trails are always occupied during daylight hours with a constant stream of women and children carrying burdens on their heads. Their livestock consists of diminutive donkeys, skeleton ponies, a few long-horned cattle, many goats, a few sheep without wool, razorback pigs, and poultry--all desperately thin, emaciated and weak. Donkeys and ponies have deep, raw, inflamed sores. The few dogs are mere shadows.

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(1827, June, Santo Domingo.

E--2739.

Saturday, June 18, clear and hot, with shower in the forenoon. After breakfast I walked down to the bay shore and took some photographs of the wrecked "Memphis." I tried to get a picture of an old convent, but the sun was in the wrong direction. I returned to the hotel hot and perspiring. Shortly after 11 a.m. Señor Espaillet and one of his assistants called for me and we started on our trip.

The first fifty miles lay through a rolling and much broken stretch of country with mountains on all sides, some of them rising to a height of ten thousand feet. It was a beautiful country because both mountains and valleys were covered with green forests. My companion said the mountains were not solid ranges, as appeared from the valley road, but are made up of a succession of ranges and individual peaks separated by deep and almost impassible gorges which makes it difficult to get the timber out. The higher slopes are covered with pine and the lower slopes with palms and other tropical trees. The road over which we traveled was excellent. About noon we crossed a beautiful shining stream rippling over rocks the sound of which was very refreshing in the tropical heat. On the other side of the stream was a restaurant, a pavilion, and some bath houses. Here we stopped for some sandwiches and a bottle of cold beer. We sat under some tall trees that were called "pomes rosadas," because they bore a fruit that looked like whitish pink apples, but were a disappointment for eating purposes, because they were hollow or pithy inside and tasteless.

We stopped at a little place called "Moca" to inspect an demonstration farm and agricultural school. Both were new. The school had twenty-four students of whom ^{several} ~~were~~ ^{about} to graduate and ^{be} taken into the government service. On the farm I saw maize, sorghum, cowpeas, pineapples, bananas, sisal, manioc (here called yucca), peanuts, watermelons, canteloupes, pumpkins, tobacco, cotton,, cacao, coffee,

(1927, June, Santo Domingo.

E--²~~A~~740.

and various grasses. The plots were in good condition, except that the vines (melons and ~~p~~^humpkins) were completely riddled by insects. The warehouses, which were mere sheds with thatched roofs, were hanging full of tobacco suspended from poles to cure. In this district we met many trucks loaded with tobacco.

The last hundred miles was through a rich country, an undulating plain fifteen to twenty-five miles broad between mountain ranges on both sides. The soil resembled the black waxy soils of Iowa and Texas. The ground was completely covered, usually with three or four crops--bananas, cacao, coffee, maize, citrus trees, or sweet potatoes, grasses of various kinds, including ~~xxx~~ elephant grass and a grass-like sorghum "agricultural grass," which was native to the country. We saw thousands of acres set to this grass. Cattle, horses, and donkeys, were in good condition. The houses were fairly comfortable and most of them had flower gardens. The roads were in excellent condition and men were working on them where repairs were needed. . We saw several new concrete bridges. Most of the cars seen on the road were in the high-priced class. The machine we were in the driver said cost him \$4,500. Bird life was conspicuous by its absence. In a drive of 150 to 200 miles I saw only two or three. My companion ^asaid there were a few doves, but no rabbits, squirrels, or poisonous snakes. Throughout the entire journey I did not see a single wild animal. ^{and went to} "Boarding Mercedes" We reached Santiago about 5 p.m. ^A"Boarding Mercedes", a clean little hotel in the heart of the city. After refresjing ourselves with a bottle of beer and getting our shoes polished, Sr. Espailat took me into several business establishments and introduced me to the proprietors, his friends. Then we were driven out to the Rio Yaqui which flows by the city. . It is a small clear, swift flowing stream with a rocky bottom. We crossed on a small ferry boat that

(1927, June Santiago.

E--2741.

was fastened by a steel rope and pulley to a cable stretched across the river in such a manner that when the prow was pointed in a certain direction the current of the river forced the boat across to the other side. On the other side we inspected the end of a ^{new} ~~an~~ irrigation canal that was under construction and nearing completion. It was said to be about thirty-two miles long and designed to supply water to about two million acres of land.

We returned to the hotel and went to our rooms. The rooms were of unpainted pine and about eight by twelve feet square. How they were clean. We had an excellent supper and a bottle of beer. After walking about the plaza we entered a recreation club and sat in rocking chairs on the broad veranda. We sat among a group of ten or twelve men, all well dressed and intelligent, who discussed with Sr. Espailly~~at~~ the question of the organization of an agricultural cooperative society, agricultural banks, and irrigation. Sr. Espailly~~at~~ was very enthusiastic and said he expected to organize several such societies and banks before the close of the year. He said that each town had a chamber of commerce and agriculture but that it was difficult to arouse any interest in agriculture at the capital.

Sunday, June 19, clear and at times excessively hot. Did not sleep well because of roystering in the adjoining building. I was ~~x~~ up at 5 a.m. and had coffee in my room. An hour later I went down stairs and had another cup of coffee with Sr. Espailly~~at~~. ^{Then} ~~Then~~ we walked a few squares and inspected a vegetable market. He seemed to be well acquainted and known to everybody in the market and exchanged friendly greetings with them. In the market were plenty of small bananas, plantains (large bananas), sweet potatoes, yams, manioc, lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, onions, radishes, mangoes, coconuts, several varieties of pineapples, some of them very large, and many

(1927, June, Santiago.

E--2742.

flowers, some of which were strange to me. The minister said that the cost of living in Santiago was just half as much as in Santo Domingo

Shortly after 6 a.m. we left the hotel in company with the proprietor, taking with us a supply of sandwiches and water. The minister had with him a 22 caliber automatic pistol for shooting at birds. He also ^{had} ~~he~~ in a holster an enormous revolver with a pearl handle. The proprietor of the hotel also carried a large automatic pistol. We drove northward about forty miles to Villa Vasquez, a small village or settlement that was ~~being~~ established on land that was to be irrigated by the new canal. Santiago is situated near the dividing line between a humid climate with an annual rainfall of ⁴⁴ ~~55~~ inches and a semiarid region with a rainfall of less than 20 inches. For ^{some} ~~some~~ miles north of Santiago the country is rolling and covered with grass and is utilized for pasturing cattle. Then semiarid conditions increase as one goes northward, the land being covered with scrub acacias and cacti of various kinds, and the ground bare between. The soil is gray or black in color. The mountains became foothills, then low hills, and finally a flat plain with the river Yaqui flowing through it. At intervals along the road were a few small houses with a country store along the road which looked about as unkempt, unprosperous, and forlorn as some of the remote country settlements in the piney woods of our own South. Each country store had a tobacco shed near it.

We were followed the last part of our journey by two young men in a battered Ford car who later joined us. One was an ornithologist connected with the University of Porto Rico, and the other representing ^{ed} ~~ing~~ the Museum of Natural History of New York. The latter said he had been through Egypt the previous winter.

Villa Vasquez was a small settlement on a cleared space of

(1927, June, Villa Vasquez.

E--2743.

several hundred acres, flat, barren, black soil, surrounded by areas covered with thorny desert acacias and cacti. Small two-story, three-room pine box houses had been erected on posts six feet from the ground, the houses being arranged in a great circle. The colonists were mostly natives, with a few Spanish and Italian immigrants. Their contract with the government gave them the use of the land, the house they lived in, equipment, and food, the first year free; the second year they were to turn over to the government one-fourth of the crops they might raise; and thereafter they were to pay for the land on reasonable terms, on condition that they continued to work it and live on it. The government retained title to the land, and the colonist was to forfeit all rights if he ceased working it or abandoned it.

The main canal was simply a ditch scooped out of the earth and was full of water. A few shallow branch ditches had been dug also. About a quarter of a mile from the village was a demonstration farm on which was growing rice, cotton, sweet potatoes, sorghum, sugar cane, bananas, maize, and some of the cultivated grasses..

After our inspection of the plots in the intense heat of the noonday sun we took shelter under an open shed covered with palm leaves. Here a luncheon had been prepared for us of roast beef, fried sweet potatoes, crackers, ~~manisex~~ mangoes, and a ^{limited} ~~liberal~~ quantity of cool beer. The governor of the province and the superintendent of the irrigation works were there to receive us. It was an informal gathering and there was much joking and laughter. The entire male population stood lined up about the shed to see the distinguished visitors, watch us eat, and listen to what was said. We were also entertained by an improvised band of three natives, ~~There were three musicians,~~ one with an accordion; the second with a tom-tom drum made of a wooden cylinder with sheepskin stretched over

several hundred acres, flat, barren, black soil, surrounded by
 areas covered with thorny desert cacti and scrub. Small two-
 story, three-room pine box houses had been erected on posts six
 feet from the ground, the houses being arranged in a great circle.
 The colonists were mostly natives, with a few Spanish and Italian
 immigrants. Their contract with the Government gave them the use of
 the land, the houses they lived in, equipment, and food. The first
 year they had received 1000 pesos and they were to pay over to the Government
 more or less of the crops they might produce; but thereafter they
 were to pay for the land on a percentage basis, on condition that
 they continued to work it. The Government had given
 title to the land, and the colonist was to forfeit all rights if
 he ceased working it or abandoned it.

The main canal was simply a ditch scooped out of the earth and
 was full of water. A few shallow branch ditches had been dug also.
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 were also entertained by an improvised band of three natives. There
 were three musicians, one with an accordion; the second with a tom-
 tom drum made of a wooden cylinder with sheepskin stretched over

the ends; and the third with a piece of corrugated iron roofing perforated with holes like a nutmeg grater, from which a rasping sound was evoked by scraping it with a nail. The tunes they played were rather monotonous, except when they broke into song. As we were finishing our luncheon a rather stout and not unattractive woman of about 35 came boldly into the group and without the slightest embarrassment began to banter the governor and minister with a steady stream of good natured talk. I was told that she was a divorced woman with a daughter of fourteen and the proprietor of a large tract of land. She was complaining about the conditions of life in the country and the absolute necessity of moving into town, where her daughter might have a chance to meet young people and enjoy life. She said she might as well be dead as to live in a ~~place~~ dead place, and if she live^d there much longer w she would be dead anyhow. She was very animated, bright and witty, and when she rattled off rapid fire jokes at the men they were at a loss for replies and looked more or less embarrassed. They all agreed that she was "una tupa."

After luncheon we drove several miles to another clearing where about 120 acres had been partly ~~finished~~ leveled, ditched for the growing of rice. The fences in this district were very substantial, made of heavy posts spaced three feet apart and carrying eight strands of barbed wire interwoven with slats so that an animal as small as a rabbit could not pass through.

The superintendent of the irrigation project was a German of middle age. He said he had been in the country more than thirty years. He spoke both Spanish and English and said the United States was more like home to him than even his native town in Germany. He said the soil of the project gave an alkaline reaction, does not need lime, and that alfalfa and other legumes flourish^h without chemical

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After luncheon we drove several miles to another clearing where about 150 acres had been partly cleared, leveled, ditched for the growing of rice. The fences in this district were very substantial, made of heavy posts spaced three feet apart and carrying eight strands of barbed wire interwoven with alata so that an animal as small as a rabbit could not pass through. The superintendent of the irrigation project was a German of middle age. He said he had been in the country more than thirty years. He spoke both Spanish and English and said the United States was more like home to him than even his native town in Germany. He said the soil of the project gave an alkaline reaction, does not need lime, and that alfalfa and other legumes flourish without chemical

(1927, June, Santiago.

E--2745.

treatment of the soil. The minister said that cacao could be produced profitably for five pesos a kilo and that it had been selling that season for from fifteen to seventeen pesos.

On the way back we stopped at the house of the foreman at Villa Vasquez. His wife made up a bucket full of lemonade with ice in it that was very refreshing after the heat of the sun, copious perspiration, and the development of a fierce thirst.

The drive back to Santiago was a hot one, the heat seeming to come in puffs or blasts. We reached the hotel at 1.30 p.m., rested, washed up, and had dinner. . On the drive back to town the wind was so strong that I had to remove my hat. When I came to comb my hair I found it badly snarled and for the first time in my life could appreciate some of the difficulties women have with their hair.

On leaving the hotel proprietor presented me with a supply of cigars made in Santiago of native tobacco. I had inquired for cigars, and after selecting a box of 25 and offering to pay for them he insisted that I take them as a token of his friendship, and he absolutely refused to accept pay. Of course, I tried to express my appreciation of his courtesy, his hospitality, and his friendship. He protested, "But, Señor, you are a cabellero, you have lived among our people in South America, you speak our language, you are simpatico, and we are made glad to have you with us," which I thought was quite a compliment.

We left on the return trip at 2.30 p.m., but stopped on the outskirts of Santiago at the home of a brother of the minister. This brother owned a large tract of land, had a large citrus orchard, vineyard, and truck gardens, and lived in a new house with a large flower garden in front of it. The house was small and full of gilt furniture, including some rocking chairs, with cheap prints on the walls. However, it was a cheerful place. The brother and his Señora

(1927, June, Santo Domingo.

E--2746.

and several children, ~~who~~ were dressed in their Sunday best and tried to be agreeable.

We left shortly after 3 p.m. and reached Santo Domingo at 6.30 ~~Y.E.P~~ p.m., driving fast over a clear road the entire distance. It was a beautiful drive over a fine road, between grass lands and palm lands, mountains on both sides, and places where one could look down on clear streams rushing over rocks in a labyrinth of tropical vegetation, and other places where one could look across a great basin many miles in diameter with palm covered slopes on all sides. At one place a monastery or church crowned the top of a peak overlooking a vast stretch of country. It was said to be the oldest structure built by Europeans on the island, if not in America. It was built by Columbus in honor of his son and to celebrate a victory of 200 Spaniards over more than 2,000 Indians by whom they were surrounded. On the return trip the minister and ^g_A discussed the statistical organization of his department and of the government and ways and means of taking the census of 1930. He assured me that every effort would be made to make the census a success. Upon separating he asked me to call at his office and to walk in without ceremony regardless of who might be with him at the time. He presented me with a monster pineapple. It was a great relief to reach my room again and relax. I was greatly fatigued, partly from the constant strain of paying strict attention and listening to and speaking in a foreign language. I had a bath, an excellent supper, and retired early.

Monday, June 30, clear and hot, without any breeze. I was kept awake by music and dancing on the floor below until 2 a.m. After sleeping a few hours I woke just long enough to decide that I would not get up until I felt like it, which was at 4 p.m. During the last hour of this period I became pleasantly half conscious with a luxurious sense of rest and comfort and a train of chaotic *thoughts*

1927, June, Santo Domingo. E-2746.

and several children, who were dressed in their Sunday best and tried to be agreeable.

We left shortly after 7 p.m. and reached Santo Domingo at 11:30 p.m., driving fast over a clear road the entire distance. It was a beautiful drive over a fine road, between grass lands and palm lands, mountains on both sides, and places where one could look down on clear streams rushing over rocks in a labyrinth of tropical vegetation, and other places where one could look across a great basin many miles in diameter with palm covered slopes on all sides. At one place a monastery or church crowned the top of a peak overlooking a vast stretch of country. It was said to be the oldest structure built by Europeans on the island, it was not in America. It was built by Columbus in honor of his son and to celebrate a victory of 200 Spaniards over more than 2,000 Indians by whom they were surrounded. On the return trip the minister and discussed the statistical organization of his department and of the government and ways and means of taking the census of 1930. He assured me that every effort would be made to make the census a success. Upon separating he asked me to call at his office and to walk in without ceremony regardless of who might be with him at the time. He presented me with a monster pineapple. It was a great relief to reach my room again and relax. I was greatly fatigued, partly from the constant strain of paying strict attention and listening to and speaking in a foreign language. I had a bath, an excellent supper, and retired early. Monday, June 30, clear and hot, without any breeze. I was kept awake by music and dancing on the floor below until 2 a.m. After sleeping a few hours I woke just long enough to decide that I would not get up until I felt like it, which was at 4 p.m. During the last hour of this period I became pleasantly half-conscious with a luxurious sense of rest and comfort and a train of chaotic

(1927, June, Santo Domingo.

E--2747.

passing through my mind, thoughts that I recognized as having come to me several times on this last trip, about as follows: "Here am I, a physical body that changes with the years, and a mass of experiences and memories acquired since infancy in many situations, and of recent years in many countries. Once in a while I seem to wake up to a consciousness that I am I, the same I that started as an infant, that I have known ever since, and ^{a realization} that I am in very strange surroundings, as if in some sort of a dream. Then I realize that my conscious life, my experiences and my memories travel with me wherever I go or am. Usually I am so intent on seeing and hearing and doing that I do not think of myself at all. So it is with a feeling of surprise and some wonder that sometimes when I am alone and my mind is free I realize that X the little boy that I remember so well in Texas is me, is here in a strange place, hearing and seeing strange things, sometimes speaking a strange language the very name of which was not known to him as a boy; and yet it is that same boy carrying about with him the memory of all that he has seen, and heard, and done in the years since he was a boy; the same, and yet different; different because of age and ^{pe} ~~ex~~perience; the same, because it is still the same I that started with my first glimmerings of consciousness. It's all very strange, and a little puzzling when one is half asleep."

(Mother, June 20, yellow folder.

(1927, June, Santo Domingo.

E--2748.

Tuesday, June 21, clear and hot. Awoke fully rested. After breakfast I called on the Minister of Agriculture and thanked him for his many courtesies. Then to the bank, the postoffice, and the steamship office. I had already engaged passage to San Juan, Porto Rico, and was told I could go aboard any time between 3 and 5 p.m. I stopped at the Consulate to leave my forwarding address, and then walked down to the water front. My ship was lying at anchor out in the bay. It was excessively hot. Returning to the hotel I prepared a code cablegram to the Institute. Then I walked down for a last look at the old church or cathedral, said to be the oldest in America, built in 1508. It was a venerable looking structure. Had luncheon and paid my bill, about \$6 per day for room, ^{bath} ~~ban~~, and meals.

After luncheon I sat in my room reading until 3.30 p.m. waiting for the chauffeur who had promised to come for me at 3 p.m. Becoming impatient I went out on the street and found another chauffeur to transfer me to the wharf. At the last moment he refused to take my baggage, so I had to hire a cart. The man charged two dollars to take my trunk and two suit cases down hill about five ^b blocks. There I waited more than half an hour for the launch that was to take passengers out to the ship. The passengers had difficulty in boarding the ship because of the heaving swell that lifted the launch up and down ~~and~~ with a sidewise twist. The trick consisted in making the step just as the launch reached the highest point and standing firmly on the steps while the launch dropped quickly ten to twelve feet and swung away from the steamer. I found another passenger in my cabin. Apparently the ship had a full passenger list. I ^a ~~had~~ to fill out a customs declaration, because we were to ^a ~~reach~~ Porto Rico early the next morning.

After getting settled I went on deck and got a chair. It was very pleasant, the comfortable chair, a good breeze, the waves,

Thursday, June 21, clear and hot. Awoke fully rested. After

breakfast I called on the Minister of Agriculture and thanked him for his many courtesies. Then to the bank, the postoffice, and the steamship office. I had already arranged passage to San Juan, Porto Rico, and was told I could go about any time between 2 and 3 p.m.

I stopped at the Consulate to leave my forwarding address, and then walked down to the water front. My ship was lying at anchor out in the bay. It was excessively hot. Returning to the hotel I prepared

a code telegram to the Institute. Then I walked down for a last look at the old church or cathedral, said to be the oldest in America, built in 1502. It was a venerable looking structure. Had lunch, and paid my bill, about \$6 per day for room, food, and medical.

After luncheon I sat in my room reading until 3:30 p.m. waiting for the charter who had promised to come for me at 3 p.m. Being impatient I went out on the street and found another charter to transfer me to the wharf. At the last moment he refused to

take my baggage, so I had to hire a cart. The man charged two dollars to take my trunk and two said cases down hill about five blocks.

There I waited more than half an hour for the launch that was to take passengers out to the ship. The passengers had difficulty in boarding the ship because of the heaving swell that lifted the launch up and down with a sideways twist. The trick consisted in making the step just as the launch reached the highest point and standing firmly on the steps while the launch dropped quickly ten to twelve feet and swung away from the steamer. I found another passenger in my cabin. Apparently the ship had a full passenger list. I had to fill out a customs declaration, because we were to reach Porto Rico early the next morning.

After getting settled I went on deck and got a chair. It

was very pleasant, the comfortable chair, a good breeze, the waves,

(1927, June, Santo Domingo.

E--2749.

the city lying on the slope seen through the quivering heat, and a sense of absolute and complete irresponsibility. The surf dashed high up on the coral cliffs around the bay, and above the heights and mountains back of the city great masses of cottony cumulus clouds were piled against the sky.

The ship was due to sail at 6 o'clock, but did not actually get away until 8 p.m. The lights of the city came out like rows of shining jewels. The harbor light was an intermittent red one. Near me sat two American women on their way back to the United States. They wore filmy dresses and short skirts and above their silk stockings their bare legs were visible to the hips--quite a contrast to the time when it was considered immodest for a woman to expose her ankles to view.

We had an excellent supper, after which everyone went on deck to enjoy the delicious coolness of the night. A small orchestra began to play and there was dancing on a small open space. ^E Everyone seemed to be enjoying himself.

Wednesday, June 22, partly cloudy and a cool breeze. Did not sleep well because of the sweltering heat in the cabin and the staccato snoring of my fellow passenger. I was up at 7 a.m. We were steaming along the northern coast of Porto Rico which seemed to be only a few miles away. We could see a long beach of white sand, low bluffs, palm trees, small isolated islands, and several ranges of dim mountains. The passengers, most of whom were bound for the United States on this ship, were greatly exercised because their baggage was to be landed for customs examination here, instead of at New York. In other words, passengers who had bought transportation from Santo Domingo to New York and had no desire or intention to land at San Juan, nevertheless had to land and see their baggage landed and ^{be} examined before they could proceed. Of course,

the city lying on the slope down through the quivering heat, and a sense of absolute and complete irresponsibility. The sun dashed high up on the coral cliffs around the bay, and above the heights and mountains back of the city great masses of cottony cumulus clouds were piled against the sky.

The ship was due to sail at 8 o'clock, but did not actually get away until 8 p.m. The lights of the city came out like rows of shining jewels. The harbor light was an intermittent red one. Near me sat two American women on their way back to the United States. They wore filmy dresses and short skirts and above their silk stockings their bare legs were visible to the hips--quite a contrast to the time when it was considered indecent for a woman to expose her ankles to view.

We had an excellent supper, after which everyone went on deck to enjoy the delicious coolness of the night. A small orchestra began to play and there was dancing on a small open space. Everyone seemed to be enjoying himself.

Wednesday, June 25, partly cloudy and a cool breeze. Did not sleep well because of the sweltering heat in the cabin and the atmosphere smothering of my fellow passenger. I was up at 7 a.m. We were steaming along the northern coast of Porto Rico which seemed to be only a few miles away. We could see a long beach of white sand, low hills, palm trees, small isolated islands, and several rugged mountains. The passengers, most of whom were bound for the United States on this ship, were greatly exercised because their baggage was to be landed for customs examination here, instead of at New York. In other words, passengers who had bought transportation from Santo Domingo to New York and had no desire or intention to land at San Juan, nevertheless had to land and see their baggage landed and examined before they could proceed. Of course,

(1927, June San Juan.

E--2750.

no human being could imagine any good reason for this requirement and no human being could pretend to understand it unless perhaps a few wooden headed desk men in Washington. I doubt if even they could think of any reason why passengers bound to New York and en route to New York should be subjected to the inconvenience and expense of ^{land} landing in Porto Rico and undergoing customs examination, and be subjected to a second examination on arrival at New York. It made no difference to me because I was to land at San Juan, but I was indignant at this unprecedented and wholly unjustifiable requirement of passengers who had no intention of landing. It was simply monstrous, and what made it rankle in my mind was the thought that it was a requirement imposed by the United States, a requirement that no other ^{country} ~~country~~ was so stupidly foolish or inconsiderate as to try to impose upon incoming passengers, many of them its own citizens. I have never met a group of men or women who were so exasperated, so mad through and through, and so chagrined at the stupidity of their government, as were the American passengers on that boat. I would have given a good deal for the privilege of seeing the man or the men responsible for those regulations try to justify them to that group of angry passengers. It would have been a circus and I strongly suspect the responsible officials would have come to bodily harm or landed in jail or been consigned to a lunatic asylum, where unquestionably they belonged.

At 11 a.m. the ship turned towards the land,, passed through narrows with an old Spanish fortress high up on a point of land, and into a landlocked bay several miles across, with the main part of the city between the bay and the sea. This being the first trip of the S.S. San Lorenzo on this run there was much confusion in the issuance of landing cards, and in the conduct of medical examination, examination of passports, and transfer of passengers and

(1927, June, San Juan.

E;;xx 2751.

baggage to the customhouse. The officials were confused also in distinguishing between the passengers who were getting off at San Juan and those bound for New York without stop. At any rate it took two solid hours of impatient waiting to get my baggage through. For about the first and only time in all my travel I lost my temper, partly because the inspector who dillydallied over my baggage was from the United States and I am quite sure that I gave him about the worst half hour of his life. ~~He~~ I was already exasperated by the appearance of general incompetency and the unnecessary delay and when I asked him politely if he could not expedite matters a little he made the mistake of adopting an air of supercilious indifference, turning his back on me and lighting a cigarette very deliberately. That was the last straw. I tapped him sharply on the shoulder with the head of my cane and said "Attention." I got it. ~~He~~ he turned towards me angrily and defiantly. I said "Brother, keep your shirt on. I'm from Texas and know how to deal with slackers, cowards, and incompetents. I am also a high official of the United States government with headquarters in Washington, on an official mission, and headed for China. So you can just cut out the damn foolishness." I deliberately took out my watch and noted the time in my memorandum book as well as the number on his cap. "Now, I said, "you are paid by the government to inspect baggage for the customs department. This whole business could have been done more than an hour ago. I will allow you fifteen minutes to examine my baggage, which is just ten minutes more than is necessary. I expect to call on the Governor General tomorrow, and if this baggage is not passed within the fifteen minutes I will lodge a complaint against you with the Governor and with the head of your department; and if they do not act within forty-eight hours I will break my trip, return to New York and Washington, and and have ^{this} ~~these~~ whole customs

passage to the customs. The officials were confused also in distinguishing between the passengers who were waiting off at San Juan and those bound for New York without stop. At any rate it took two solid hours of impatient waiting to get my baggage through. For about the first and only time in all my travel I lost my temper, partly because the inspector who delayed over my baggage was from the United States and I am quite sure that I gave him about the worst half hour of his life. He I was already exasperated by the appearance of general incompetency and the unnecessary delay and when I asked him politely if he could not expedite matters a little he made the mistake of adopting an air of supercilious indifference, turning his back on me and lighting a cigarette very deliberately. That was the last straw. I tapped him sharply on the shoulder with the head of my cane and said "Attention." I got it. He turned towards me eagerly and defiantly. I said "Brother, keep your shirt on. I'm from Texas and know how to deal with slackers, cowards, and incompetents. I am also a high official of the United States Government with headquarters in Washington, on an official mission, and headed for China. So you can just cut out the damn foolishness." I deliberately took out my watch and noted the time in my memorandum book as well as the number on his cap. "Now, I said, 'you are paid by the government to inspect baggage for the customs department. This whole business could have been done more than an hour ago. I will allow you fifteen minutes to examine my baggage, which is just ten minutes more than is necessary. I expect to call on the Governor General tomorrow, and if this baggage is not passed within the fifteen minutes I will lodge a complaint against you with the Governor and with the head of your department; and if they do not act within forty-eight hours I will break my trip, return to New York and Washington, and have the whole customs

(1927, June, San Juan.

E--2752.

house reorganized, and the first step in that reorganization will be to fire all the incompetent, lazy, insolent, good-for-nothing parasites that are a disgrace to any civilized country, let alone the United States." By this time he was sullen and growled, "So you say you are an official of the United States Government, and will have this custom house reorganized, Hey; how do I know that you are an official of the United States government." I replied, "It's not at all necessary that you should know. You are hired to be an inspector and are paid for inspecting. But you are not inspecting." I drew out my passport, held it up before him, and pointed to the word "Special." "Let me see it," he asked. "Not on your life," I replied, "it has already been examined and passed by the man who is paid to look at it; it's none of your business; you are hired and paid to examine baggage, and you haven't yet begun. You have exactly seven minutes to do it in. It may be the last chance you will ever have to examine ^{any} ^{officially} baggage. May I suggest that you take advantage of that last chance!" He looked about the custom house with a distressed look in his face as if he were looking for some one. "Looking for your superior officer?," I asked. "Point him out to me; he's just the man I want to see. Come, George, get busy; you have only five minutes now. At the end of five minutes if this baggage is not passed I shall step to that telephone and have the head of your department down here." "My name ain't George," he protested. "Alright, Sambo. then. You see you have placed yourself on a level with an American negro, and all negroes are called either George or Sambo. One is just as good as the other to me. Get busy Sambo." "You have to talk Spanish over the telephone" he informed me. "Oh Ho, que cosa espantosa," I replied, "Hablo Espagnola perfectamente y puedo telephono al official superior que ^didiota es el inspectore Norte Americano numero Sesenta y cinco y todos sus

house reorganized, and the first step in that reorganization will be to fire all the incompetent, lazy, insolent, good-for-nothing persons that are a disgrace to any civilized country, let alone the United States." By this time he was smiling and growled, "So you say you are an official of the United States Government, and will have this custom house reorganized, hey? how do I know that you are an official of the United States Government." I replied, "It's not at all necessary that you should know. You are hired to be an inspector and are paid for inspecting. But you are not inspecting." I drew out my passport, held it up before him, and pointed to the word "Special." "Let me see it," he asked. "Not on your life," I replied, "it has already been examined and passed by the man who is paid to look at it; it's none of your business; you are hired and paid to examine baggage, and you haven't yet begun. You have exactly seven minutes to do it in. It may be the last chance you will ever have to examine baggage. Now, I suggest that you take advantage of that last chance." He looked about the custom house with a distressed look in his face as if he were looking for some one. "Looking for your superior officer?" I asked. "Point him out to me; he's just the man I want to see. Come, George, get busy; you have only five minutes now. At the end of five minutes if this baggage is not passed I shall step to that telephone and have the head of your department down here." "My name ain't George," he protested. "Alright, Sambo. Then, you see you have placed your self on a level with an American negro, and all negroes are called either George or Sambo. One is just as good as the other to me. Get busy Sambo." "You have to talk Spanish over the telephone" he informed me. "Oh no, que cosa sugieres," I replied, "Hablo Espanol perfectamente y puedo telefonar al oficial superior que esta en el inspectorado Norte Americano numero sesenta y cinco y todos sus

(1827, June, San Juan.

E--2753m

porcherias y embecilidades, especialmente sus porcherias y in_ efficiencias colossal." This seemed to impress him more than anything else I had said because he evidently understood that "porcherias" was about the most offensive term in Spanish that one could apply to another short of sheer obscenity. He seemed troubled. I pulled out my watch, and said with a smile, as if ruminating to myself, "Just two minutes more and I shall go to that telephone yonder and raise more different kinds of hell than this Sambo has ever dreamed of." Then, turning to him with a smile I said "No time for examining the baggage, but ^{just} time enough to put your chalk marks and stickers on it. It's your last chance." His nerve failed him and he did so with haste. When he had finished in silence I said, "Saved by half a minute, perhaps, because I may or may not decide to report this to the Washington office. Now, get out Sambo. There is nothing more you can do to earn your salary. You are a disgrace to the United States, and I don't want to see you again. Get out." He walked slowly and half defiantly away. Did I report ^{him} for discourtesy and inefficiency? No, I regret to say, I was too busy with other things; and that is just why such men and such inefficiency survive in the service; the victims have something else to do than to patiently and persistently combat them in the official maze. I suspect that not one of those angry passengers that had been put to so much unnecessary and inexcusable inconvenience and expense filed a protest at official headquarters. And yet each and every one of them must have felt that the customs service at San Juan under the United States flag was an official outrage and a disgrace to the United States.

It cost me ^{\$1.50} ~~1.50~~ to get my baggage across the wharf and into the customhouse, fifty cents to get it out of the customhouse and into the street, and two dollars to get it from the customhouse to the hotel, a little more than one square distant.. As soon as I

(1927, June, San Juan.

E--2754.

was settled in my room I went down for luncheon, and then asked the hotel clerk if he could tell me anything about sailing dates of steamers for Panama. He said he did not know, but he did know that boats did not sail directly from San Juan to Panama. I went to the postoffice and was advised that any mail addressed to me care of the American Consul, there being no such consul in San Juan, would either be referred to the office of the Governor or returned to the United States. I went to the office of the Secretary of the Governor, who searched his files without finding anything for me. The Secretary, Mr. Ferero, said that he had lived in Washington seven years, had graduated from the Georgetown Law School, served awhile in the War Department, entered the consular service and was vice consul for three years at Santo Domingo. He introduced me to the district attorney for the U.S. District Court, Mr. Gay, who said he had lived in San Juan twenty-seven years and had seen great changes, especially since 1914. He said the country now had thirteen millionnaires, whereas in 1913 fortunes of \$25,000 were rare. He said the older part of the city had not changed much because the rents had increased so greatly that the Spanish owners did think it paid to tear down old buildings and erect new ones.

On the way back to the hotel I stopped in a clothing store and purchased a linen suit to replace the imitation silk one I had bought in Venice that on washing once had shrunk to two-thirds its original size. After a nap and a very unsatisfactory supper I walked up to the plaza and listened to the municipal band. Near the plaza was an amusement park with a merry-go-round and many games of chance. Like all Spanish cities immediately after dark all shops were closed, doors and windows covered with metal shutters, and the streets deserted. I returned to the hotel and took a hot bath with the idea of getting a good night's sleep.

(1927, June, San Juan.

E--2755.

Thursday, June 23, rainy and cool. After breakfast I went to the Spanish transatlantic line and ascertained that the S.S. Leon XIII would leave for Panama via Caribbean ports the following Sunday, June 26, and reach Panama July 5.

At 3 p.m. I called at the office of Governor Towner. I first met the Secretary, Mr. Herero, and the Governor's private secretary, Mr. Van Benson, who said that he and his wife had made a tour of the Mediterranean and of Europe the year before. After the Governor disposed of an officer I was admitted. He was a slender, elderly gentleman and very cordial. He assured me that the laws of the United States with respect to the census of 1930 would apply equally to Porto Rico and the same census would be taken in each. I said at once, "I had assumed as much, but your statement is definite and really ends my mission to Porto Rico because I can now report to the International Institute of Agriculture that a census will be taken here in 1930 and that the government of Porto Rico will cooperate to the fullest extent." He replied, "Certainly." Then we discussed the situation in the West Indies. He seemed to be much interested in my comments on what I had learned and observed in Kingston, Haiti, and Domingo. He remarked that the British were generally regarded as good colonizers, but that any American who visited one of their colonies was at once impressed with the idea that they were backward and made poor administrators. He gave me a copy of his last annual report and other documents which he said would make clear to me the situation and progress in Porto Rico. .

Leaving the government house to walk back to the hotel I was overtaken by a tropical downpour, such a rain as I had never seen before. I had an umbrella, but it was no more protection than a straw hat. Before I could run for shelter in an open doorway I was drenched to the skin and water was over my shoe tops on the

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At 3 p.m. I called at the office of Governor Towner. I first met the Secretary, Mr. Herero, and the Governor's private secretary, Mr. Van Bensen, who said that he and his wife had made a tour of the Mediterranean and of Europe the year before. After the Governor disposed of an officer I was admitted. He was a slender, slightly portly man and very cordial. He assured me that the laws of the United States with respect to the census of 1930 would apply equally to Porto Rico and the same census would be taken in each. I said at once, "I had assumed as much, but your statement is definite and really ends my mission to Porto Rico because I can now report to the International Institute of Agriculture that a census will be taken here in 1930 and that the Government of Porto Rico will cooperate to the fullest extent." He replied, "Certainly." Then we discussed the situation in the West Indies. He seemed to be much interested in my comments on what I had learned and observed in Kingston, Haiti, and Domingo. He remarked that the British were generally regarded as good colonizers, but that any American who visited one of their colonies was at once impressed with the idea that they were backward and made poor administrators. He gave me a copy of his last annual report and other documents which he said would make clear to me the situation and progress in Porto Rico.

Leaving the Government house to walk back to the hotel I was overtaken by a tropical downpour, such a rain as I had never seen before. I had an umbrella, but it was no more protection than a straw hat. Before I could run for shelter in an open doorway I was drenched to the skin and water was over my shoulders.

(1927, June, San Juan.

E--2756.

I was drenched to the skin and water was over my shoe tops on the level concrete sidewalk. The drops were as big as marbles and when they hit the watercovered ground it was with a splash. In five minutes the streets were rushing torrents. This torrential downpour lasted for thirty minutes, ceased suddenly, and the sun came out hot and strong.

On reaching the hotel I changed clothing and proceeded to read the reports the Governor gave me. They contained most of the information I was looking for. After luncheon I went to a bank and cashed a check; then to the Spanish Transatlantic Line and made a reservation for the following Sunday to Panama, with special emphasis on my desire for a cabin to myself, regardless of expense. On returning to the hotel the clerk said an agent of the steamship company had just telephoned that the steamer would arrive the next day instead of Sunday and for me to see that my papers were in order, and to be prepared to leave Friday instead of Sunday. I returned at once to the steamship office and ascertained that the boat was expected at 2 p.m. the following day and I could get my ticket at 4 p.m. I went to a photographer's and was told that I could have my negatives and prints at 3 p.m. the following day. Then I did some exploring for a supply of cigars and a bottle of cognac. At a newsstand I bought three paperbound books by Ibañez. At the hotel I asked that my laundry be delivered the following day before I had to leave for the boat. Then I looked up the Consul of Panama, who assured me that the visée I had obtained in Washington was quite sufficient. Then I began my report to the Institute and a letter home. My laundry was returned with the statement that it was not done because of the rain. I telephoned for the hotel valet and asked him to try to fix up some of the laundry most needed by artificial heat. After a very unsatisfactory supper I read the local papers from which

(1927, June , San Juan.

E--2757.

I learned that the ^Ppuritan minority of the town were hav~~e~~ing moral spasms and conniption fits and were trying to spur one another into a fanatical campaign of depres~~s~~sion, restriction, suppression, persecution, prosecution, and extermination of all forms of human joy and diversion. After reading that I went out to look for evidences of heinous sin, depravity, dev~~il~~try, and delight, but as always the streets were dark and deserted and the town looked as dead as a doornail and quite as solemn and ~~seri~~^{ous} as a cemetery. Well, I thought to myself, if the punitive ^Ppuritans can find anything in this town that won't fit into their ritual they must have a sense of sin as acute as that of a buzzard for carrion that can smell a dead bug or mouse a mile off.

(~~Dragoni, June 23, yellow folder.~~^{omit}

(Wife, same.

(1927, June, San Juan.

E--2758.

Friday, June 24, clear and hot. At 9.30 a.m. I called at the Department of Agriculture and Labor and was told that the director was out of the city. Then I called on the chief of the Division of Statistics, who could not speak English. From him I learned that he had only one clerk and that he and his clerk attempted to do nothing more than compile such statistics as were made available by other agencies. Then I called at the Division of Agricultural Development. The chief was away, so I had an interview with his assistant, Señor Figuera, who described the system of crop estimating by his division.

Returning to the hotel I was told that my steamer would not arrive until after 5 p.m. and would leave the following day. Had luncheon and then wrapped and mailed some books that had accumulated. At 4 p.m. I got my steamer ticket and was told to call again at 8 p.m. I walked to the top of a hill above the city from which I could look out over the sea. From this point one had a fine view of the sea to the north and of the city, the harbor, and the bay to the south. I walked back through the city with the intention of buying several articles of clothing only to find that all shops were closed. At my room I labeled and arranged my photographs. . From my window I could see the Spanish ship on which I expected to make the voyage to Panama. After supper I sent a cablegram to the Institute and wrote to my wife.

(Dragoni, June 24, ✓ yellow folder.

(Wife, same. ✓

"San Juan, Porto Rico, 24 Junio 1927.

"Mr. Carlo Dragoni,
 "Secretary General,
 "International Institute of Agriculture,
 "Rome.

"Dear Mr. Dragoni:

x x x x x

"Notes:--

"(1) The Governor stated that the Virgin Islands would also be included in the 1930 agricultural census, so this can be checked off on our list.

"(2) We now have all countries of Europe, all countries surrounding Europe and the Mediteranean, all countries of North America, and the principal islands of the West Indies, committed to the census program.

"(3) The organization, personnel, and work of the Department of Agriculture and Labor is fully set forth in 'The Register of Porto Rico for 1926,' and the annual reports of the Secretary of Agriculture, copies of which should be on file in the Library of the Institute.

"(4) Mr. Figueroa informed me that Porto Rico is very mountainous, except for narrow strips along the coast and rivers; that the soil on the mountains is a limestone clay or loam, and on the lowlands is more or less alluvial; that the climate and vegetation vary greatly in different sections close together, some areas having an annual rainfall as high as 90 inches, and others less than 20 inches; that the southwest district is semiarid; that in the northwest section cotton is planted in February and March, and within 50 miles to the southeast it is not planted until July and August, and similarly with respect to the harvest of coffee. He mentioned a remarkable yield of Uba cane--103 tons per acre--which seems incredible.

x x x x x x x

(1927, June, San Juan.

E;;2759.

Saturday, June 15, clear and hot. I was up at 4 a.m. to finish packing, and had breakfast at 7 a.m. At the steamship office I was given a cabin reservation to Colon. Then to a shop and bought some light underwear. At the hotel I put stickers on my baggage. Settled my account and was transferred to the wharf at 9.30 a.m. I found that my cabin was very small, but I had a feeling of great satisfaction in knowing that I should be alone. I learned that the ship would sail at 11 a.m., and I engaged a deck chair. The ship actually began to move at 3.30 p.m.. I went down to my cabin at 11.30 a.m. and was greatly disappointed to find that another passenger had been assigned to it, inspite of the fact that I had stipulated a cabin without other occupant and was assured that no one else would be put in with me. I lodged a vigorous protest with the purser and said I was willing to pay extra for privacy, and he promised to see what could be done after the ship sailed.

The call for luncheon came at 12.30 p.m. Most of the things on the menu I could not eat because they were spoiled for me by too much olive oil, but the bread and wine were excellent. At one side of me sat a small Porto Rican bound for La Guay~~ra~~ya. Opposite to me sat two young American women who talked freely to each other, but spoke to no one else.

The ship sailed at 3.30 p.m. As soon as we got beyond the wharf and its sheds we came into a pleasant breeze that was a great relief. Out of the harbor and through the narrows into the open sea the breese was even more refreshing and life seemed worth living again. At 4 p.m. refreshments were served in the dining room--cakes, preserves, and tea., and coconut juice. All the time we lay at the wharf in sweltering heat I had visions of a glass of ice cold beer and looked forward to getting it as soon as the ship passed out into the open sea. It was therefore with a feeling of profound disgust

and disappointment that I listened to the excuses of the barkeeper to the effect that he could not serve alcoholic liquors in any form within sight of Porto Rico because it was a part of the United States and the United States claimed jurisdiction, not for three miles or twelve miles as I thought, but for sixty miles out at sea; and if his ship sold alcohol in any form within those limits it would not be ^epermitted to enter any port of the United States. No, señor, nothing could be served until the following morning. I learned from him, however, that the "next morning" would begin immediately after midnight and that he would be on hand at that time to dispense drinks. Practically all the male passengers assembled in the lounge that evening and patiently waited until midnight to get something to drink. The conversational comments on the dry law of the United States and its application to transatlantic liners were anything but complimentary. *Wellish, a very intelligent and*

In the cabin opposite mine was a middle aged, handsome, American of German-Jewish extraction, who said he was a salesman from New York and that he had visited the countries bordering the Caribbean for the last seventeen years. He said the change in Porto Rico since the beginning of American occupation, especially within the last ten years, was incredible. He said he was in Pará, Brazil, a few years previous while a revolution was in progress. He saw men in citizens clothes with guns in their hands standing at street corners and he hastened to his hotel. He heard the sound of firing during all the night. The next morning he remarked to the proprietor that many men must have been killed because of the steady firing. The proprietor said that did not necessarily follow because of the manner of shooting. He said a revolutionist stationed at a corner would from time to time look up and down the street. If he ^{saw} ~~said~~ any one within a block or two he would step back in the shelter of the

(1927, June, P.R. to Panama.

E--2761.

corner, cock his weapon, cautiously poke the barrel around and pull the trigger without looking, and after the smoke had cleared he would peek around the corner to see if anything had happened. Of course, accidents happened sometimes, but never from a revolutionist taking deliberate aim. This particular revolution was without bloodshed and ended the next day.

Sunday, June 26, bright, clear, hot, but with lovely breeze. It was hot in the cabin, but pleasant on deck. Among the passengers was a group of priests and nuns from Spain. I was told that the Spanish ships transport them for almost nothing. They celebrated mass three times a day. It was a lazy day conducive to reading and sleeping. I began reading one of Ibañez's entertaining novels. The ship's course was due south. The meals were fairly good, and at supper three kinds of wine were served.. I lunched with my German-American acquaintance, Mr. Wallach, a very intelligent and interesting gentleman, who said he was of German descent and was educated in Germany, but was born in the United States. He was salesman for a New York firm that he said had made enormous profits in recent years, had paid for its entire plant, was liberal in travel allowances, paid good salaries and supplemented them with bonuses at Christmas time. He expressed the opinion that such prosperity could not last. He manifested keen interest in the two young women who sat opposite us at the table and were very uncommunicative. This reticence and aloofness on their part seemed to pique him and he announced to me that he proposed to find out something about them. In the evening he ^{said} ~~announced~~ that he had succeeded in breaking down their barrier of reserve and learned that they were school teachers in the public schools of San Juan and were on vacation to New York via Caracas

(1927, June, P.R.toPanama.

E--2762

Monday, June 27, partly cloudy, strong south wind, and high seas. A beautiful bright morning with schools of silvery flying fish skipping and flashing over the waves like brilliant humming birds. The ship forged its way against the wind and waves with a regular up and down motion like a rocking horse and each time the bow plunged into the waves on the downward swing the spray flew over the deck and went hissing alongside. I have always enjoyed this rhythmic motion of a ship and the noise of the wind and water within reasonable limits. Reading an interesting historical novel by Ibañez dealing with the family of Borgia, the popes of that family, and the customs and manners of their time, which was contemporaneous with the discovery of America. My German American friend confided in me that he wanted to settle down in life and was looking for a wife. He said he had a good income and owned a nice home on Long Island. He said that for this reason he was much interested in the two young school teachers at our table and would like to become better acquainted with them, but he found them reserved and a little difficult. About 3 p.m. we came in sight of a great bank of clouds to the south above which towered high mountains. By 4 o'clock ~~we were~~ we were approaching the coast. Through the clouds we could see great patches of green ~~foliage~~ vegetation and of pinkish white soil. From the water's edge and extending up the slope was the small town of La Guayra. Winding up the slope of the mountain could be seen the white line of a new automobile road constructed between La Guayra ^{and} ~~to~~ Caracas. The ship anchored in the middle of the harbor so I did not go ashore.

After an excellent supper I enjoyed listening to some phonograph records, some of which reproduced the magnificent voice of Caruso in Italian operas. I adjourned to the smoking salonn and read some more in my book, smoked, and drank beer, passing the time

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very agreeably. Anchored near our ship was the Venezuelan navy, consisting of one yacht about the size of a respectable tugboat, but trim and neat in appearance with some diminutive guns mounted in various places. It was after dark when the customs and other officials finished their inspection and many passengers went ashore, among them the two young American school teachers. They expected to hire an automobile to take ~~them~~ over the mountain road and through the wilderness to Caracas. Probably they got through all right, but I could not help feeling a little apprehensive over their foolish adventure. It would have served them right to have had a real adventure en route. La Guayra, as seen in the setting sunlight, was a pretty town of brightly colored small houses with red tiled roofs extending up the slope of the mountain behind it and overlooking the bay and sea before it. There seemed to be no streets on the outskirts of the town, only paths. Most of the paths seemed to be in gullies, evidence of erosion. Above the town could be seen patches of bananas, and to one side of it along the beach were groves of coconut ^Palms.

Tuesday, June 28, partly cloudy, light breeze, and hot. Had a good night's sleep in the quiet of the harbor. For breakfast we had some inferior oranges, cookies, and coffee. My German-American friend was gone, probably in pursuit of the two attractive young teachers. He had said nothing about going to Caracas, and I wondered if he had accompanied the young ladies. I rather hoped he had. If so, I hoped they were duly appreciative. I considered going to Caracas, but learned that in order to return in time for the steamer I could have only two hours, and I felt that the expense of so short a stay would not be justified. at a cost of \$³⁵~~35~~.00.

At 8.30 a.m. I went ashore and walked about. When I saw the

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one and only hotel in the town, a cheap, slummy, dirty looking place with a saloon on the first floor, I hoped that the two young school teachers had gone on to Caracas the night before rather than spend a night in such a place. It was a town of only one street, paved with cobblestones, with small shops, warehouses, and small residences on both sides. There was a small park half as large as a city block and everything seemed very primitive. I ¹followed the main street up and up until it ^ddw~~g~~in~~g~~led to a rough country road, passing a small church with four marble statues in front. The road led up the bottom of a small gorge with several bridges. Half a mile up I came to the end of ~~xxxxxxx~~ the road and crossed on a bridge to the other side of the gorge, at the bottom of which was a small stream. and some magnificent rubber trees. Along the stream were many women with laundry. Above~~x~~ towered the green mountain with its head enveloped in mists. *In the opposite direction* ~~Looking seaward~~, the sea looked liked ruffled silver until it merged imperceptibly with the mist and cloud of the horizon. Standing still to take in the scene, I realized that I was drenched with perspiration and my clothes were clinging to me as if I had walked in the sea. or ^hbeen caught in a deluge. On the slope above was a small fortress. As I descended the slope I saw many small children playing about, mostly half naked. Most of the dwellings were closed as if deserted. Most of them were little one-story^y, mud brick or stone houses, with thatched or tiled roofs, and over the lower windows were iron cages that projected over the sidewalk. On the way up I had stopped at a little shop and tried to buy some matches with American money but the proprietor would not accept it. I was more successfull at a little shop on the way down.

My German American friend had said that Venezuela was governed by a dictator and governed remarkably well; that petroleum had been discovered and was now the principal source of revenue;

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and that the government ^{had} ~~has~~ no foreign debt and ^{was} ~~is~~ therefore very independent, for which reason it ^{was} ~~is~~ especially strict in the matter of passport^s and imports and was the one South American country that charged ten dollars for a visée and \$2.50 for a permit to leave, but that passengers in transit were permitted to go ^s ~~a~~ shore and return to their ships without charges, on the theory that if there was a charge they would not go ashore, but if they went ashore without charge they might spend some money to the profit of the Venezuelans. Nowhere else had I seen a place where the mountains rise so directly from the beach as at La Guayra. Here there is simply a narrow space, perhaps a few hundred yards wide, between the beach and the steep slope of the mountain, just ^d ~~wi~~de enough for a road and two rows of houses.

I returned to the ship for luncheon and then proceeded to take a nap. The former fellow passenger had left me in sole possession. I was awakened by the steward who brought in another passenger to share my cabin. I was mad because I had paid for the whole cabin at San Juan and my privacy had already been invaded and the contract disregarded from San Juan to La Guayra. I apologized to the new passenger, saying that I had paid for the entire cabin and did not feel disposed to share it with any one and that the purser must find him another cabin. I then told the steward to report to the captain that the American passenger in this cabin was a high official of the United States government, that the United States Government through him had paid for the entire cabin, that the steamship company had no right to put another passenger in the same cabin with him, and that if it did there would be all kinds of diplomatic complications, and that before doing so the captain had better cable to the United States government at Washington for permission, and that the purser must find accommodations for the gentleman somewhere-

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else. I Again I apologised to the gentleman, saying that our embarrassment was all due to the stupidity of the purser. The steward disappeared and returned saying that nothing could be done about it. I wanted to know who said so. He said it was the purser. I asked where I could find the purser. I found the purser and very politely informed him that he had made a mistake in assigning another passenger to the cabin I had paid for. He wanted to know where I paid for that cabin. I said to the agent of the company in San Juan, as the records of the company would show. He said the agent had no authority to sell a whole cabin. I said that made not the slightest difference, that the company was responsible for its agents and was legally bound by the acts of its agents, and that when the agent of a steamship company sold a cabin to an official of the United States government and accepted the money of that government in payment on behalf of the company, the company would have to answer to that government for any violation of its contract, and that having paid for the cabin I proposed to keep it. He repeated that the agent at San Juan had no right to sell a whole cabin. I rejoined that so far as the public knew or was concerned he, as agent of the company, had a perfect right to sell accommodations on its ships and to accept money therefor, which he had done in my case, and that no other official or agent of the company had a right to violate such a contract without due notice or refunding of the money, and that in any event he could take it up with my government. I could see that the purser was weakening. Then I pulled out my passporte and held it up before him and with my finger on the one word "Special" I said, "Passport~~e~~ special, passport~~e~~ particular, passport~~e~~ diplomatico." That seemed to finish~~h~~ him, because he said courteously that the matter would be arranged, and it was.

My German American friend came on board at noon to take

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luncheon with me. He said that he had decided to stay over and spend a day or two at Caracas. He said he was much interested in the two young American teachers, they were so innocent and inexperienced in dealing with unscrupulous men, and he proposed to see that they came to no harm. He said it was a rare thing these days to see young women with a look of innocence and purity in their eyes; that it was pretty clear that modern women were just as human and susceptible as men, and that in his opinion any man could have any woman if he approached her in the right way; and it was this freedom and new customs of women that made it hard for a man to find a wife without premarital experience. I suggested that it seemed to me to be just a little inconsistent for a man to expect to have premarital experiences and then insist on having a wife without similar experience; that the man could have such experience with very little risk of any kind, but the woman could have it only at very great risk, and it did not seem right to me to penalize the woman for doing what the man had felt free to do so far as he had the opportunity. He agreed that this was just, but said that people of the older generation had old fashioned ideas and could not readily change their point of view.

In the afternoon one of the ship's officers came to me, asked me my name, and said he regretted that because of the crowded condition of the ship it would be necessary to quarter another passenger in my cabin. Again I was wroth, because I had been assured by the purser that the matter was settled. I stiffened up instantly, expressed regret that I could not consent to share my cabin with another after having paid for its exclusive use; then pulled out my ornamental leather case and extracted one of my travelling cards showing my position with the Institute, and said curtly, "You see I am the official representative of the International

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Institute of Agriculture at Rome of which every great nation, including Spain, and all the Hispano_American countries are treaty members. If this Transatlantic Spanish Steamship Company violates its solemn contract with me I shall have to report it to the Institute, which in turn will report it through diplomatic channels to the governmental authorities at Madrid. Furthermore, my work for the Institute, of which Spain is a part, takes me to the capitals of all countries and in contact with certain high officials of those countries. If this steamship company cannot respect the official and diplomatic character of one of its passengers and proceeds to violate its contract with him, I shall feel that in justice to other travellers and especially tourists, wherever I go to report the infamous conduct of the officials of this steamship line." Now, sir, please deliver this message to the captain just as I have given it to you. He alone has authority to decide the question and to uphold the honor of the company he represents. Tell him I want to see him, either in his cabin or in mine. I refuse to discuss the matter further with any subordinate on this ship." "Did I understand you to say you would meet the captain in your cabin?" he inquired. "Exactly," I answered, "either in his cabin or in mine. You see I outrank the captain of this ship, even though I acknowledge his supreme authority on the ship while at sea; but that does not give higher rank. Please do me the favor, señor, to deliver my message to the captain. We have said enough and you fully understand." With that I nodded to him and picked up my book and began to read as if the outcome were a matter of the utmost indifference. About ten minutes later he returned, smiling and apologetic, saying that El Señor Capitan sent his compliments and expressed regret that I had been disturbed, and that he had given order that I was to remain in exclusive possession of the cabin. And so ended the contro-

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versy over a little cabin 5 by 8 feet with two berts^h, one porthole, and one canvas chair, Perhaps it may seem that such a small cabin was not worth the argument, bluff, and obstinacy necessary to retain it, but just because it was so small, the climate was so torrid, and I had paid for all of it, I did not feel like sharing it with another person without a fight.

The ship sailed at 4.45 p.m. and until sunset we we were on a rippling sea with a lovely breeze and within sight of a wall of dark green mountains rising from the sea to the clouds. After supper I sat on the upper deck enjoying the cool breeze and the beauty of the tropical night on the sea until we approached the harbor lights of Puerto Cabello^s towards midnight

Wednesday, June 29,. Hot. During the night the ship lay at anchor outside the harbor of Puerto Cabello^s and moved in slowly at 8 a.m. On awakening I had a beautiful view through the porthole of a calm sea, a strip of shining white beach, a narrow strip of coconut palms stretching away as far as one could see, a range of low mountains covered and green with palms and trees, and the little town along one side of the harvor seemed to be cleaner and neater than most Spanish towns. The harbor was long and very narrow, and in it were several ships and many small fishing boats, and the Venezuelan navy (one armed yacht) that must have preceded us. After breakfast I went ashore and explored the town. It ^awa like all Spanish-American towns, with narrow streets, paved with cobblestones, one-store^y brick houses and shops built in solid rows, with sidewalks about two feet wide--just wide^d enough so that pedestrians caught in the rain would catch the drip from the eaves overhead. I inspected a fruit and vegetable market^t, two little parks, and a church. Crossing the town at right angles to the main streets I came to a beach of white sand along an arm of the bay with a row of shanties and

very over a little cabin 5 by 8 feet with two berths, one port-hole, and one canvas chair. Perhaps it may seem that such a small cabin was not worth the argument, bluffs, and obstinacy necessary to retain it, but just because it was so small, the climate was so torrid, and I had paid for all of it, I did not feel like sharing it with another person without a fight.

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Wednesday, June 29, 1927. During the night the ship lay at anchor outside the harbor of Puerto Cabello and moved in slowly at 8 a.m. On awakening I had a beautiful view through the port-hole of a calm sea, a strip of shining white beach, a narrow strip of low coast palm stretching away as far as one could see, a range of low mountains covered and green with palms and trees, and the little town along one side of the harbor seemed to be cleaner and neater than most Spanish towns. The harbor was long and very narrow, and in it were several ships and many small fishing boats, and the Venezuelan navy (one armed yacht) that must have preceded us. After breakfast I went ashore and explored the town. It was like all Spanish-American towns, with narrow streets, paved with cobblestones, one-story brick houses and shops built in solid rows, with sidewalks about two feet wide--just wide enough so that pedestrians caught in the rain would catch the drip from the eaves overhead. I inspected a fruit and vegetable market, two little parks, and a church. Crossing the town at right angles to the main streets I came to a beach of white sand along an arm of the bay with a row of shanties and

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stately palms back of them. It was a truly tropical scene and I took a picture of it. The quiet water was as clear as crystal and in it one could see crabs, fish of many kinds, and all sorts of living things. What a paradise it was for the little half naked children who played about in the sand and water. I wondered if there were any sharks about. On the opposite side of town I found another beach with a pavilion and restaurant where I stopped to cool off and have a bottle of beer. It did not seem to be excessively hot, and yet the mere exertion of walking leisurely through the streets caused one's clothes to cling to him with perspiration.

At the luncheon table I noted many new faces. In place of the two trim little school teachers that had sat opposite me was a corpulent woman with enormous protuberant breasts. She not only occupied as much space as the two young women had but she ate as much ~~ex~~ as both of them.

The ship backed out of the narrow harbor at 4 p.m. and took a course due north. The receding mountains of Venezuela seemed to loom up higher and higher the farther out we got and their summits were lost in great masses of cumulus clouds. The sun set behind fantastic cloud masses on the western horizon.. I was fascinated and enraptured by this spectacle of cloud masses and the golden, red, and pink light effects in sky and sea. It was beautiful beyond all description or the futile efforts of artists to record. I wished then, as I have often done before and have done since, that color photography could be perfected ~~at~~ to the point where photographic records could be made of such superb displays of sky, cloud, and sea colors. After supper I sat on the top deck watching the white ^{caps}~~caps~~ chase each other and enjoying the cool breeze and the sound of rushing water. Brilliant stars shone in the heavens. Then for awhile I sat in the lounge reading Ibañez's "Country of Art" (Italy), which

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is very good.

During the afternoon the deck steward observed that I was reading a book by Ibañez, and remarked "That is a bad man, but the greatest writer of Spain." I asked why he considered Ibañez "bad." He replied "Because he is an unbeliever."

In the late afternoon a squall of short duration blew over and the sea rose quickly, but the ship was quite steady. How I enjoyed the rhythmic pounding of the sea and the creaking of the rigging. To me it was like music., and represented the motion, stresses, strains, vitality, continuity and duration of life, space, time, and eternity--because I was so completely alone with the elements, no other sounds being heard and no other passengers being visible. It gave me a sense of exhilaration.

Thursday, June 20, raining heavily. I slept wonderfully well and was up at 7.30 a.m. The ship was entering the harbor of Wilhemsted, Curaçao. The harbor is long, narrow, deep, and surrounded by low hills of barren limestone with many fissures and caves. There were many ships and boats in the harbor. The houses of the city were typically Dutch in appearance, of light colored brick or stucco, and roofs of red tile. After breakfast and a rather long wait for inspection formalities I went ashore. It had been rumored that there were cases of smallpox aboard and that no one would be permitted to land, but this proved to be erroneous. The ship was tied up alongside a pier from which coal was swung by a derrick to a scow, from which it was transported in huge baskets to the hold by a gang of negroes. It was interesting to watch this swarm of half naked negroes working like demons, all their movements being regulated and stimulated by the clapping of hands and chanting of an old negro who stood to one side.

It rained steadily all the forenoon. I went ashore with an um-

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brella, but an umbrella is of little use in a tropical downpour. . The streets of the town were very narrow, in places not more than eight feet wide, and were paved with rough blocks of stone. It was very quiet and few people were to be seen. In the lower part of the town where I walked through the deluge I saw no park, no church, and no theater. Upon inquiry I was directed to a shop where cigars could be obtained and I laid in a good supply. I found a book store with a considerable collection of books in Dutch, German, and English, but not a single one in French, Spanish, or Italian.

After luncheon I again went ashore with a fellow passenger, but it was still raining and the shops and streets were generally deserted and there was nothing for us to do or to see, and after satisfying ourselves on this point we returned to the ship. The ship spent the entire day at the pier taking on coal. It was a rather dull day. My curiosity having been satisfied, I retired to my cabin, went to bed, turned on the electric light, and lay there several hours reading, smoking, and sipping cognac, which made an agreeable combination.

My German American friend who had announced his intention of leaving the ship at La Guayra to look after the two young school teachers, showed up on board the next day, having changed his mind. Outside our cabins we were much together. He said that the corpulent woman who sat opposite at our table was mistress of a notorious house in Caracas and that on this trip she was serving as mistress to one of the ship's officers. He said also that all young women who come aboard and travel from port to port without passports are quartered with and protected by the officers. Verily the ways of men and women who make laws against ex-marital relations and then proceed to evade them are almost ludicrous.

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The supper was disappointing, except^{pt} for the bread and the three kinds of wine. While supper was in progress the ship got under way, passed out to sea, and took a course a little north of west. After supper I did some reading and at 10 p.m. went into the lounge where I enjoyed watching the actions and reactions of two young men and two young women. They were smoking cigarettes, drinking, and ^kskirmishing, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. The young men were enterprising and persistent, but the young women were wary and cautious, or pretended to be in order to tantalize and draw the young men on. It was a fascinating game to all concerned, but could have only one result, victory for the young men. Outside the stars were unusually brilliant. I caught a glimpse of the north star just above the horizon. There was no sunset or dusk this evening. the night simply closed down and blotted out the day almost as quickly as the tick of a watch. As near as I could judge Curacao was simply a sea crssroads where ships came to exchange cargoes and take on coal.

Friday, July 1, clear and hot. All day the ship plowed her way through a^{rippling}/sea of the deepest blue, with a blue sky overhead, rising and falling slowly with the long swells, skipping flying fish glistening like silver in the sunlight; a quiet, drowsy, dreamy day, in sight of distant mountains, and ending with a gorgeous sunset, a day to be remembered for its sheer beauty and luxury. I spent it in a deck chair, reading, smoking, dozing, and dreaming, such a near approach to complete tranquility and satisfaction of mind and body that I wished it might continue indefinitely.

Saturday, July 2, bright, clear, still, and excessively hot. I was up at 7 a.m. The ship was at anchor in a broad harbor before Colombo, Columbia. ~~The ship was~~ I went on deck at 8 a.m. The ship was anchored in the middle of a harbor about six miles in

(1927, June, Colombo.

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diameter, with low hills and mountains on one side, a small town in one of the coves, and on the outer side of the harbor a long low coral reef. The water in the harbor was as smooth as glass and the same color as the sky. The only difference between the appearance of the harbor and the sky was the line of coral reef that looked like a great cable swung across the entrance to the harbor. The reef was made visible only by little rippling waves from the outside that splashed over it.

After breakfast the ship moved up to the end of a pier that projected out into the harbor nearly a mile. The long pier was traversed by a railway on which freight was conveyed between the ships and the little railway station on shore. There were half a dozen large ships in the harbor. At 9.30 a.m. I walked to the little town at the end of the pier. It was little more than a village surrounded by barren sand dunes. There was a little railway station, a hotel, a town or municipal building, a small restaurant, a few shops, and a cluster of dwellings. On the beach was the hull of a stranded ship. I ^{walked} ~~walked~~ through the narrow, unpaved, short streets, realized that it was intensely hot and that I was dripping with perspiration and that there was nothing more to be seen, and headed for a little pavilion restaurant near the hull of the wrecked ship on the beach. ^{The} restaurant consisted of a shanty in which the cooking was done and a pavilion or arbor in which food and drinks were served. The arbor was constructed of some upright poles with a roof of palm leaves, and growing vines about it served as walls. Inside it was shady and comparatively cool. There were a few pine tables and wooden chairs. The proprietress was a good natured mulatto. Her two daughters, comely mulatto girls of about sixteen and eighteenⁿ, helped their mother and served at the tables. I sank into one of the chairs with a sigh of relief, removed my hat, smiled at one

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of the shapely girls, and asked for a bottle of cold beer. I was the only customer. After the glare and heat outside it was very pleasant sitting under the screened arbor with a cigar and a bottle of beer and a pretty girl to look at. *H* Hearing a noise of voices outside I turned to look. It came from a party of about fifty young women school teachers from New York on a vacation cruise on one of the ships in the harbor. Evidently they had done as I had done, come ashore to explore the town. They were thinly clad and because of the heat had perspired freely, so freely that their thin garments clung to their forms as if they had been in bathing. One could see almost every detail of their feminine anatomy. It was a rare sight and I chuckled at it. *H* Just then a spare, gaunt, grizzled man of middle age entered. Seeing my situation and occupation he also chuckled and said, "Great, isn't it." "Sure," I said, "worth coming to Colombo and enduring this devilish heat just to see." With that he promptly took a seat opposite at the same table with me, and seeing that my bottle of beer was about gone he ordered two more bottles. I acknowledged the courtesy with a nod. He spoke English and was obviously in a friendly mood, hungering and thirsting for some one to talk to in his own language, although he spoke Spanish to the girl who waited on us. When she approached he promptly put one arm about her waist. She did not seem to mind particularly, although she quietly but firmly removed his arm and stepped back out of reach. We were both in friendly mood and *glad* to hear English spoken. I learned that he was born in Norway, but had lived most of his life in the United States, with a home in Los Angeles, and that he was captain of a freighter that plied between British Columbia and Central American ports. He talked freely and interestingly of his adventures, all the time making advances to the two comely daughters of the establishment. This conversation was interrupted by the

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appearance of six or eight of the young female teachers from New York whose thirst had spurred them to the desperate resolution of indulging in a glass of horrid beer. Their thin garmets were saturated and clung to them like tights. Their faces were flushed and they looked rather ashamed of themselves and dejected. The captain and I enjoyed ^{this} ~~they~~ spectacle immensely and commented freely on the physical charms of each of the young ladies--but did so in Spanish. The young ladies evidently were not very happy in their bedraggled and overheated condition. They gulped down their beer without saying much and quickly departed.

My Scandinavian companion was in high good humor. He leaned over and asked me what I thought of the two mulatto waitresses. I said they were very shapely and attractive. He summoned one of them and asked if she and her sister would join us in a bottle of beer. She and the sister acquiesced and the captain ordered four bottles, one apiece. The two young women were very comely, very good natured, but very decorous and refused to permit any liberties, which the captain was very free in offering. They both declined a second bottle of beer. The captain then asked if there was not a private room attached to the place or near the place where we could retire and have a good time together. They both shook their heads. The captain assured them that we admired them greatly and both had money. There was a flicker of interest in their eyes, but gravely they said it was impossible; there was no room available, and then there was the "policia." The captain appealed to the mother who discussed the question dispassionately: "No, señores, it was not possible; there was no place in Colombo to which gentlemen and ladies could retire, but there were 'vigilantes' who were very vigilan^t." The captain turned to me and in English said in a tone of disgust, "Might as well be up around the Arctic circle. We could do better in a New England

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village. I suppose these girls pose as virgins in daylight and then make up for it after dark." The whole proceeding and the captain's manifest disappointment and indignation struck me as rather funny.

This suggested to me that just then everything seemed a little funny. Casting about for the reason of this unwonted aspect of things it occurred to me that I had finished four bottles of beer and was drinking the fifth, the captain having kept the table supplied. I realized at once that my queer sensations were due to the beer I had drank--more than I had ever drank at one sitting in my life--and that I must call a halt. I at once announced to the captain that it was about time for me to return to my ship because I had work to do and also because I must go while I could walk, not being used to drinking so much beer, and that I had drank it because I enjoyed his company so much that I hated to leave before. He protested, but I was firm and as soon as I finished the fifth bottle I stood up, a little unsteadily perhaps but in complete possession of my faculties. I invited the two young waitresses to step outside in the sunlight so that I could take a photograph of them and their pet parrots, which was done. Then I bid a ceremonious farewell to the proprietress, her two daughters and the captain, and departed. I really had taken too much. By the time I reached the entrance to the long pier my head was swimming and I felt very unsteady on my legs. As I stepped upon the end of the pier I felt a strong inclination to sit down and ~~to~~ to sleep. It was nearly noon and the pier was deserted. I looked out to the far end to measure the distance between me and my cabin berth. The pier seemed to stretch away to the horizon, five or six miles at least. The thought struck me that perhaps I would get worse and not be able to traverse that interminable distance before the ship sailed and I would be left marooned in this horrible spot. That spurred me to collect my

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~~July~~ 2778.

wits. "See here, brother," I said to myself, "this will never do. You never intended or expected to get drunk. In that cafe you felt quite middle aged and wished you were younger when the pretty girl waited on you. When you were a boy you prided yourself on your ability to walk on a single rail without stepping off or losing your balance. Now just to prove to yourself and demonstrate to the world at large that you are neither old nor drunk youv'e got to walk that rail out to the ship. It was only a mile long when you came in and can't be more than a mile long now, even though it does look five miles long.// That means 1,760 long paces, or may be 2,000 short paces. Now, here you go, and you fine yourself one cent for every time you step off the rail." I started heroicicically, laboriously, and under difficulties, because not only was I conscious of swaying, but the iron rail seemed to be twisting in a most peculiar manner as if it were a steel hawser that was being swayed sidewise and up and down. NevertheCless, as the difficulties grew my determination to walk the rail increased and after many initial failures I found that the rail became more stable, my attention was rivited more unerringly upon it, and I soon caught the peculiar swing and stride that enable me to walk it without misstep. It unquestionably was an unusually long mile, but I achieved it, arriving at the other end under a pitilessly hot sun and dripping with perspiration at every pore. I suspect that en route I had lost at least half the beer I had consumed. At any rate my head was perfectly clear and all symptoms of dizziness had disappeared. I went below, had a shower bath, and changed to light dry clothing, in time for luncheon. All trace of the excess beer I had drunk was gone. However, I now knew ~~my~~the absolute limit of my capacity for beer, and I reflected that that knowledge had been acquired at the expense of the genical Scandinavian captain. Anyhow, something to remember Colombo by.

(1927, July, Colombo.

E--2779.

At the luncheon table opposite me sat the opulent woman from Caracas, she of the doubtful reputation. I ventured to address her politely as a fellow traveler and she responded graciously. She said she was from Barcelona and was a legal resident of Peru, but temporarily residing in Caracas. Next to her sat an attractive girl of about twelve who said she was from Bolivia. Next to her sat a gentleman from Venezuela, very talkative and very dignified.

After luncheon I stepped out on deck and met a French gentleman who said he had spent ten years in China before returning to his country at the breaking out of the war. He seemed pleased to meet some one who understood his native language. I went below and had a sound nap. My sleep was broken by the sound of the ship's syren. On deck I found that the ship was maneuvering to turn about and get under ^{way} weigh. This operation took more than half an hour. Upon inquiry I learned that the ship would not stop at Cartegena according to schedule, but would head directly for Panama. The harbor was very broad and the surface was ruffled with rippling wavelets. The little town of Colombo gradually receded in the distance. The mountains behind it seemed to grow higher and higher with increasing distance. By six o'clock were well out at sea and headed nearly due west. Again I felt how much I loved the sea with its long rythmic swells, its ripples, waves, and whitecaps, the rythmic rise and fall of the ship like a giant cradle, the refreshing sound of swishing, splashing, rushing waters through which the great ship forged so steadily, irresistibly, ~~and~~ inevitably, and majestically; the encircling horizon, the wonderful clouds, the gorgeous sunsets, the star-spangled canopy of the sky at night, the everchanging colors of the sea by day, the mysteriously beautiful moon and its stream of light on the waves at night; and the lovely breezes that blow over the open sea, how delicious they are, and there is always air stirring

(1927, July, En route Panama.

E--2780.

when a steamship is in motion. Nowhere else can one enjoy the beauties of sea and sky as on board a ship. There is the sense of leisure, luxury, utter lack of responsibility, the feeling that one is wholly beyond the reach of importunate friends or the demands of business, nothing to do but eat and sleep and amuse oneself and without the slightest distraction enjoy the marvelous everchanging forms ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ and colors of sea, cloud, and sky, and the interesting forms of bird and aquatic life. . There is nothing quite like ^{it} on land. But, I seem to hear ^{some} ~~some~~ one object, how about bad weather and storms at sea. Why, when the weather is ~~bad~~ one has a cosy cabin or a luxurious lounge to retire to where he can read to his heart's content. The storms, why, they're simply glorious, exciting, stimulating. What an inspiring thing it is to be on a great steamship that holds her course unerringly through a gale of hurricane force and against mountainous waves and outrides the storm triumphantly. In no other aspect of nature does man so successfully put his intelligence against the fury of the elements. How wonderful it is that such a ship can plunge through the darkness of night and inky black waters, an obscure trackless waste, and do it on schedule time almost to the hour and minute. So have I thought many times on the upper deck ~~at~~ night when I could ^{not} ~~see~~ see the length of the ship in any direction for the surrounding darkness.

Sunday, July 3, Clear, blue sky, rising sea and ship rolling.

At times during the day we passed through tropical downpours that blotted out everything. Silvery-sided flying fish skipping from wave to wave like grasshoppers in a meadow were unusually plentiful. I wrote up my expense account for June and some letters home. Late in the afternoon we were approaching Colon. All we could see of Panama was a range of low green mountain peaks, seemingly rising out of the sea. Sometimes we were near enough to see the white surf

(1927, June, Panama.

E--2781.

beat high on the beach.

At 7.30 p.m. we entered the channel approach to the canal and at 9.30 tied up at a wharf at Colon. Just before entering the harbor I got acquainted with an American engineer who said he was employed in the Canal Zone for thirteen years and then found employment in Colombia. After passing customs we took a taxi and reached the Washington Hotel at 11 p.m.

(Mother, July 3, ~~yellow~~ folder.

(1927, July, Panama.

E--2782.

Monday, July 4, Clear and hot following rain in the night.

I was up early and enjoyed the view from my window of the breakwater, the shipping and the basin. At 8 a.m. I saw a warship come through. At the clerk's desk I learned that the first train for Panama City would leave at 9.10 a.m. I had just time to pack up, get breakfast, pay my bill, and reach the railway station. Most of the distance the train went about swamps and lakes, with projecting hill tops covered with bananas and patches of pineapples, coarse grass, or tropical trees and other luxuriant vegetation. We passed a submerged section with the trunks of many dead trees sticking up out of the water. Everywhere vegetation was rank because of the heat and abundant rainfall. At some places one could see a succession of mountain tops or peaks all covered with vegetation.. Most of the distance the railroad follows the canal and we could see many ships passing through, some of them decorated with American flags in honor of the day. Balboa, the American city at the Pacific end of the Canal, had a residential section that looked as if it might be a suburb of Washington, D.C.

The City of Panama lies just across the border of the Canal Zone. I went in a ^taxi to the Hotel Central ~~f~~^acing a park and a cathedral. It was a very satisfactory hotel. After luncheon I made up my laundry and sent my Panama straw hat out to be cleaned and pressed. As was to be expected the American Consulate was closed. So also were most business establishments. Many of the houses had second story balconies in which people could be seen sitting in the evening. I saw a number of moving picture the^asters, but because of the heat did not enter. There were a number of shops kept by Chinese, and many saloons that seemed to be doing a good business. Many American soldiers and sailors were to be seen on the street.

(1927, July, Panama.

Tuesday, July 5, clear and hot, following rain at night. After breakfast I called at the office of a steamship company and ascertained that the only way to get to Honolulu was by way of San Francisco and that they would have a boat leaving in two days and another in ten days. At the American Consulate I received mail from Rome and Washington.

Then I called at the Department of Agriculture and had a very satisfactory interview with Sr. Diez, the director, a large man who sat at a desk in his shirt sleeves, something very unusual in any Spanish-American country. He described the organization and work of his department and promised full cooperation in the census project.

After this interview I stopped at a bank for some money and then to my room to look over the mail. After luncheon I went to the office of the Panama-New York Line to make a reservation on the boat leaving the following day, but was told that every berth was taken, and that it was doubtful whether there would be any space on the boat leaving ten days later. I was more successful with the Panama-Pacific Line which sold me passage on the S.S. Mongolia to leave on the 7th. This attended to, I took my portable typewriter to a shop for repairs, and at another place bought a supply of cigars. Then I called on the U.S. Commercial Attache, who criticised the statistical service of Panama, but spoke highly of Sr. Diez. To illustrate he said that the records of the U.S. Department of Commerce showed exports from the United States to Panama amounting to 32 million dollars, whereas the Panama statistical records showed only 14 million. He said that one reason for this wide discrepancy was that importers habitually undervalued their imported goods.

After an excellent supper^{er} I went to a motion picture theater, which was very disappointing. ^{also} After supper I had an annoying accident.

(1927, July, Panama.

E--274⁸_^

The plate of my set of artificioal teeth broke, and I would not have time to get a new ~~et~~^{set} made in Panama. Fortunately I had an old set in my baggage in reserve for just such an emergency, and while it did not fit and was troublesome, nevertheless I could eat with ~~them~~^{it}.

Wednesday, July 6, steaming hot. Slept^r well, had a late breakfast, dressed in white, and at 11.40 a.m. called by appointment at the Department of Agriculture. Señor Diez showed me some statistical material he was having compiled. ~~Together~~^{Together} ~~together~~ we walked to the Presidential Mansion. It was a plain brick and plaster house outside. Inside was an ornamental patio surrounded by pillars^a covered with a mosaic of mother of pearl. In the center was a fountain in which were several species of turtles^s and terrapins, wild ducks and egrets.. The egrets had beautiful white plumage and yellow legs and bills. The President's office was ~~in~~ on the second floor. We passed through an anteroom into a larger room where we waited for nearly an hour.

A group of men had been admitted just before we arrived. Most of the attendants and some of the officials were negroes or mulattoes. Sometimes they spoke Spanish and at other times English. Several Americans called and talked familiarly with the personnel. At last we were admitted and I was introduced to President Rodolfo ~~Chiari~~^{Chiari} Chiari, a middle aged gentleman of medium^{on} size of the distinctly Spanish type. Although he said he understood English he spoke Spanish and it was in that language that I explained the agricultural census project of the International Institute of Agriculture and expressed the hope that the Institute could count upon the cooperation of Panama. He promptly assured me of full cooperation. Then I ventured to suggest the advantage of establishing a statistical office as an important factor in the business administration of Panamaⁿ and which could handle the details of the proposed census. This also he promised to consider, but said that after all agriculture was rela-

1927, July, Panama.

E-374

The plate of my set of statistical test broke, and I would not have time to get a new set made in Panama. Fortunately I had an old set in my baggage in reserve for just such an emergency, and while it did not fit and was troublesome, nevertheless I could eat with it.

Wednesday, July 6, steaming out. Still well, had a late breakfast, dressed in white, and at 11:40 a.m. called by appointment at the Department of Agriculture. Señor Diaz showed me some statistical material he was having compiled. ~~As the~~ ^{There} we walked to the Presidential Mansion. It was a plain brick and plaster house outside. Inside was an ornamental patio surrounded by pillars covered with a mosaic of mother of pearl. In the center was a fountain in which were several species of turtles and terrapins, wild ducks and egrets. The egret had beautiful white plumage and yellow legs and bills. The President's office was on the second floor. We passed through an anteroom into a larger room where we waited for nearly an hour. A group of men had been admitted just before we arrived. Most of the attendants and some of the officials were negroes or mulattoes. Sometimes they spoke Spanish and at other times English. Several Americans called and talked familiarly with the personnel. At last we were admitted and I was introduced to President Roberto Enríquez. A middle aged gentleman of medium size of the distinctly Spanish type. Although he said he understood English he spoke Spanish and it was in that language that I explained the agricultural census project of the International Institute of Agriculture and expressed the hope that the Institute could count upon the cooperation of Panama. He promptly assured me of full cooperation. Then I ventured to suggest the advantage of establishing a statistical office as an important factor in the business administration of Panama and which could handle the details of the proposed census. This also he promised to consider, but said that after all agriculture was rela-

(1927, July, Panama.

E--2785.

atively unimportant. I suggested that if agriculture was as yet unimportant in Panama it afforded a magnificent opportunity for the government to take measures to promote it as an industry that might become of fundamental and paramount importance. He readily agreed that there were possibilities for the future, but thought they would be slow in developing. He was courteous and pleasant and again assured me of the cooperation of his government in the census.

It was past noon when our interview terminated. Señor Díez declined my invitation to take luncheon with me at the hotel, saying he ~~did~~ had no other engagement. After a long nap I took a short walk. After supper I visited a cheap cabaret in which were a few young women and many soldiers. I took a seat to one side and a number of soldiers ^{Came} ~~came~~ up to speak to me, presumably because I was obviously American. One of them, a dissipated young man who was tipsy, said he was the son of a U.S. Senator and that he had been appointed captain through the influence of his father, and then had been regularly demoted until now he was a high private in the ranks, and the next step would be a transfer from the military to the civil service. As a matter of fact he was a mighty poor specimen ~~at~~ about the size of a smart alec clerk in a crossroads country store. The cabaret was a dismal place. The musicians and ~~girls~~ seemed apathetic and the soldiers much depressed, whether from want of money or the exasperating heat, I could not determine. I finished my bottle of beer and cigar, settled the account, tipped the waiter, and standing up said out loud, "Well, good night gentlemen; I've seen livelier and ^{and cooler and} brighter places than this." This drew a response from a long, lanky soldier who said, "Wall, stranger, you all suttently said a mouthful," which sentiment seemed to meet with general approval

(1928, July, Panama.

E--2786.

Thursday, July ⁷~~U~~, cloudy and hot. After breakfast I made up some packages of books and documents and mailed them to my Washington address, sent a cable message to the Institute, and took a long walk. I saw some of the better residential sections and some slums that were unspeakably filthy and repulsive. I wondered if some of the ^hin~~g~~abitants of those unspeakable slums were employed in some of those palatial residences, and if so, how the whole community was connected together so far as the spread of contagious diseases was concerned. From the slums I walked across to the point of land that projects into the bay and took a picture of the monument to a Frenchman who started the great canal. The shaft of the monument is surmounted by the image of a crowing cock. On the concrete wall surrounding the monument are marble tablets of large size on which is inscribed a brief history of the ^acanal project. The French, under De Lessups, started work in 1882 and ^ba~~x~~andoned it in 1889. More than 22,000 lives were lost in the enterprise, most of them French. The French company sold its concession to the United States. Colombia refused to ratify the transfer. Panama revolted and became an independent republic. The American government began work on the canal in 1903 and it was opened to traffic in 1914.

I returned to the hotel at 11.30, wrote some letters and packed up. The heat was so great that my clothing was soaked with perspiration. ^{Had}After~~r~~ a good luncheon and then sat around under a fan in the hotel lounge until 5 p.m. Then I got away with my baggage and was driven to the wharf at Balboa. There I found a number of passengers waiting for the launch that was to transfer them to the ship that was anchored some distance out in the harbor. None of the employes at the steamship office or about the wharf could give us any information as to when the launch would come. This meant a very unsatisfactory wait that lasted for more than an hour. While waiting I

(1927, July, Panama.

E--2787.

walked up and down impatiently outside and smoked. I spied a small reataurant near by and went over and had a bottle of beer. Then more walking up and down and smoking. At last the word was passed around that the launch was coming. All the passengers, including myself, grabbed out hand baggage and descended a sloping concrete walk to a concrete pier that was about three ~~or~~ feet above the ^oslashing water. Here we stood about watching for the launch.

While standing on the pier I had a most unusual experience. I suddenly became conscious of a loss of equilibrium and took one or two steps to keep from falling. Looking up I observed that the concrete wall of the harbor and the harbor buildings seemed to be moving, and inasmuch as I thought I was standing on a solid concrete pier my thought was that I must be dizzy and swaying. But I had no feeling of being either ill or dizzy. My second thought was that possibly the bottle of beer I had drunk had gone to my head. But that was incredible, even though a second time I had to step quickly and brace myself to keep from losing my balance. I had a most uncanny feeling of wierdness and instability, as if something queer were happening to me. Then I saw the explanation. I saw the pier that I had thought to be solid concrete rise and fall with the tide against the wall of the harbor. The pier was simply an enormous concrete scow floating on top of the water which in the semidarkness I had taken for a solid pier. My queer sensations were all due to my belief that I was standing on something immovable.

Arrived at the steamer, I was shown to an interior cabin. When the steward opened the door and I saw that clothing and suitcases were piled on the berths and strewn over the floor in great disorder, so great that one could not step inside without stepping on clothing, I refused to enter or accept the assignment. At first

(1927, July, Balboa.

E--1888.

I got very little sympathy from the first steward. The steward said that was the only spare berth on the ship available and that the occupant was a gentleman. I said to him politely, "I beg your pardon- you are mistaken. If you will look over your records you will find many spare berths^h in the first class cabins of this ship, as you very well know. You are also mistaken in thinking the man in the cabin to which you assigned me is a gentleman. That is because you have not seen^u the inside of the cabin since he occupied it. Is it not so?" He admitted that he did not inspect the cabins very often. I proposed that he go with me and look at the cabin and see for himself the condition it was in. He objected on the ground that he was busy. I suggested that I ~~also~~ was busy and that my time was quite as valuable as his, and that, furthermore, he was paid to be polite to first class passengers and make all necessary adjustments; also that I insisted on his going with me to inspect that cabin, and until he did so I proposed to camp out right there and block both his window and the passageway. Wearily he consented. He threw open the cabin door and was silent when he saw the mess within. I said quietly, "The cabin speaks for itself. After seeing that you can never again make the mistake of saying that the man who left it in that condition is a gentleman. He is not even ordinarily decent." When we had returned to his office he said he did not know what he could do about it. I replied, "Sorry for you in your troubles, but that is your job, not mine. Your company sold me first class passage to San Francisco on this ship. It is up to you to provide it, but not in the same cabin with a maniac, a drunkard, or a congenital imbecile. All I ask is to be put in with any half-way decent normal person. I am going into the lounge now. When you find suitable quarters send a steward for me and my baggage." He said he could not promise anything until the boat got under ^{way}weight. I said

(1927, July, Balboa.

W--2789.

that was reasonable enough, but he must understand that if a suitable berth were not found for me in a reasonable time I would take up my permanent quarters in the social lounge. He said, as I expected, that it would be contrary to the rules of the ship for a passenger to occupy the lounge as sleeping quarters. I suggested that it was also a rule of the company not to sell tickets for more berths than were available, and another rule was that first class passengers should be shown every courtesy and have prompt attention and service, for which they had paid, and that if one rule could be ignored, so could another. I added, "Surely you are intelligent enough to understand that you will avoid more different kinds of trouble than you ever dreamed of by simply getting busy and finding decent accommodations for me, doing it gracefully and courteously, and without overmuch delay."

I left the steward silent, and taking my brief case and one suitcase I went into the elegant social lounge, drew up two chairs to a table under a strong electric light in the center, brought an ash tray from a side table, and sat down to make myself at home. The lounge was vacant at the time, the passengers being out on deck. I opened up the suit case, took out a book, lit a cigar, and settled myself comfortably to read. Five minutes later I caught a glimpse out of the corner of my eye of the first steward looking at me through the door. I pretended not to see him, and sent up a series of smoke rings as if I were enjoying my comfortable situation immensely. Ten minutes later a steward appeared. "Cabin, sir," he said, and picked up my baggage. I followed. He took me to a small cabin on the main upper deck, and after depositing my baggage, apologized for the fact that I would have to occupy the upper berth. I was well satisfied, and so was he when I tipped him. While the cabin was small, it was neat and clean and opened on the ~~iv~~ upper deck.

(1927, July, Balboa.

E--2790.

I learned from the steward that the name of my fellow passenger was Herr Wenig.

After getting settled I went out on deck and watched the ~~lights~~^{recalling} lights of Balboa and Panama. Then I explored the decks, the social lounge, the library, and wound up in the smoking lounge where I sat for awhile. It was clear that the ship had a full passenger list, a large proportion of whom were women. Later I learned that there was a party of 175 New York school marms on a vacation excursion to San Francisco.

(Wife, July 7, yellow ~~folder~~ folder.

(1927, July , Panama to S.F.

2791

Friday, July 8, clear with good breeze and cool in comparison with the oppressive heat of Panama. I had breakfast at 8 a.m. We were sailing within five miles and parallel with the coast. It was a country of mountains, those nearest the coast being green and those farther away purple. We passed a number of small mountain peak islands. A long line of white surf beat against the coast. There was little change in scenery until at noon we passed an uninhabited island festooned with ~~h~~^x pines and covered to the top with tropical trees. During the afternoon we passed farther out to sea and only the shadowy outlines of mountains could be seen on the eastern horizon. We passed a large school of porpoises leaping and spinning pinwheels alongside the ship. Some of them leaped high out of the water in graceful curves before plunging head first into the waves.

I spent most of the day in a deck chair reading "Argonauts" in Spanish by Ibañez. It is one of the best descriptions ever written of an ocean voyage on a modern steamer. The sunset with the whole western sky ¹afame was marvellous and evoked much enthusiasm on the part of the passengers. In the evening there was a masquerade ball and much hilarity among the younger people.

The fellow passenger in my cabin was an elderly man, obviously a German and in bad health. I was up first and seeing that he was awake, greeted him with a polite "Good morning." He grunted. something in German. I asked him if he understood English, and got another grunt and a shake of the head. The same with French, but when I asked "Habla Espagnola," he replied at once and with a smile, "Si, Señor." ~~The~~ He seemed greatly relieved and pleased to know that I understood Spanish. He said he ^{was} ~~he~~ from Germany, that he had represented a German manufacturer of hats in Venezuela for many years, that his principal hobby and interest in life was in collecting butterflies, of which there were many in Venezuela, ^{that} ~~the~~ he had sold col-

1927, July, Panama to S.F.

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(1927, July, Panama to S.F.

E--2792.

lections of butterflies to museums in Germany and the United States, and that his second hobby was the collection of postage stamps. The old gentleman was pathetically apologetic, saying that he was very ill, and that he was on his way to visit relatives in Los Angeles.

The proportion of female passengers was exceptionally large. From their characteristic primness, preciseness, and extremely positive assertions, I readily classified them as school teachers, and this was later confirmed. I always thought I could recognise a school teacher as far as I could see her by her manner, and there was never any doubt about it when I heard one speak. They have such a positive self-assured way of disseminating second hand information with a finality that in me always provokes an irresistible desire to contradict and confute. It's great sport to badger a teacher because ~~xxx~~ her life and experience is usually so narrow that her knowledge is limited to obsolete stereotyped texts and the moment she gets beyond them she flounders, and because she is not accustomed to having her dicta questioned she quickly loses her temper and makes a diverting exhibition of herself. This is ^{also} true of the male contingent, but to a lesser extent.

During the day I drafted a report to the Institute on my visit to Panama. The ship was a large one, 27,000 tons, but old, lacked many conveniences, and there was much vibration from the propellers. The predominant feminine contingent of the passenger list occupied desk chairs most of the day and with their short skirts ^{put} ~~put~~ on a fine display of shapely legs, beautiful silk stockings, and attractive lingerie, which made promenading popular with the male contingent.

Saturday, July 8, clear, beautiful day, with a calm sea in the forenoon, increasingly agitated in the afternoon. I spent most of the day in a deck chair reading "Argonauts." The chairs on both

(1927, July, Panama to S.F.

E--2792.

sides of my deck chair were occupied by large and imposing women whose school-teacher dignified aspect did not invite frivolous conversation from strange gentlemen. However, during the day the lady at my left evidently decided that I was not dangerous and addressed a question to me, which I answered politely. This broke the ice and led to further conversation. In order to talk intelligently with any one I want to know where they are from, where they live, and their business in life. So I asked her what state she was from. Maryland. Where did she live. In Washington, D.C. "That is interesting," I said, "because that is my home city. Just where in Washington do you live?" In the 1800 block, northwest, on K Street, she replied, and she had lived in the same house for the last twenty years. "That is even more interesting," I said, "because for more than twenty years I have lived just around the corner on 17th Street." It seemed an odd coincidence that two people should have lived in the same city block for more than twenty years and not have met until ~~they~~ by mere chance ^{thus} happened to occupy adjoining deck chairs on a steamer bound for San Francisco. As soon as Mrs. Walsh, so we will call her, although that is not her name, realized that I was not a predatory male but simply a middle aged employe of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, a neighbor of hers, and knew Washington like a book, she became very friendly. She introduced me to her elder sister, principal of one of the schools in Washington, and her son, a likeable but rather ineffectual modern youth of about eighteen. She said her husband was an army officer, stationed most of the time at distant posts. From that time on I did not lack for company.

Sunday, July 10,, bright, clear and pleasant. Out of sight of land. I continued to read "Argonauts" as opportunity afforded, but was rather taken possession of by Mrs. Walsh. The more we talk-

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(1927, July, Panama to S.F.

2793.

ed the more effusive and attentive she became. She was of the schoolteacher type, the kind I particularly dislike because they are so utterly selfish and inconsiderate, and I found escape difficult. At the ^{same}~~same~~ time she was intelligent, had traveled, and had had experience outside the four walls of a school room. Her marriage to an army officer had been a liberal education in itself. Apparently she was about forty and fairly good looking. After luncheon I sauntered about the decks and struck up an acquaintance with a Mr. MacDonald, Assistant Professor of Economics at Yale, and with a Dr. Mussez, who introduced me to his wife and two daughters. He said that his wife was a high official in the Women's Club of San Francisco. It was obvious that she had an excellent opinion of herself and a rather poor opinion of other mortals. I had several drinks in the smoking room. Back of it on the upper deck was some kind of an entertainment, with songs, music, and dancing. Also I made the acquaintance of and had a long conversation with an old German whose home was in San[&]francisco, but who had lived many years in South America. He was ripe, ~~w~~ellow, and philosophic, quite as interesting as any book, and we spent two hours together very agreeably.

Monday, July 11, clear and hot, but with lovely breeze, and a calm blue sea covered with ripples.. To the east, probably in Mexico, we could see range after range of blue mountains. We were about five miles from the coast. The mountains had many sharp peaks, mostly barren, but with trees in the ^gulches and foothills. During the forenoon we saw^w several large sea turtles and many floating logs and pieces of wood. There were many birds, some of them roosting on the logs, and one sat contentedly on the ^{back}~~back~~ of a turtle. I sat and listened awhile to Mrs. Walsh, my Washington neighbor, while she described a trip she had made around the world, and travels in Europe. Mr. MacDonald, the economist, came to me and said a Miss Mar-

(1927, July, Panama to S.F.

E--2794.

Marlatt wished to meet me. She proved to be a sister of Dr. Marlatt, entomologist and chief of the Federal Horticultural Board, and said she was a professor of home economics in the University of Wisconsin. She knew many of the officials in the Department of Agriculture and commented most unfavorably on Dr. E. D. Ball. She asked many questions about Russia and the Palestine Zionist Executive. We spent an hour together very agreeably. In the late afternoon there was a wonderful panoply of cumulus clouds resplendent in the reflected glow of the setting sun and illuminated from within by vivid flashes of lightning, but too far away for the sound of thunder to reach us. After sundown a star of remarkable brilliance was the center of attraction in the western sky.

All day we were headed nearly due west and in sight of the Mexican coast, with interesting mountain ranges, mostly covered with trees and apparently uninhabited. In the evening there was another masquerade ball. In the smoking room I got caught by an old doctor and his wife. Both were proud of achievements in ^aearly life and related them at great length. The wife was especially tiresome and talked for more than an hour, displaying great ignorance of every subject she touched upon. She said she knew Mr. and Mrs. Weinstock of Sacramento very well and that Mr. Weinstock was a younger brother of David Lubin, founder of the International Institute of Agriculture.. When I inquired how it was that the brothers had different surnames, she said that Mr. Weinstock had taken the name of his ~~adopted mother~~ step mother.

Tuesday, July 12, bright forenoon, cloudy afternoon. We were following the mountainous coast of Mexico and about ten miles out at sea. The coast was irregular with many capes, bays, and promontories, with a narrow beach on which the white surf could be seen beating.

(1927, July, Panama to S.F.

E--2795.

Before breakfast I walked the deck and enjoyed watching the graceful movements of some well formed young women in the swimming pool. I pondered~~d~~over the question as to whether their attractiveness to me was due to sex or to symmetry of form, beauty of color, and grace of movement. I decided that if sex had anything to do with it, it was wholly unconscious, and that they were beautiful simply as animated objects and their beauty was something apart from sex just as most of the beauty of nature is sexless. I spent the forenoon writing. The afternoon I spent in the deck chair reading "Helen," by E.L.White, a description of the Trojan war in humorous vein. In the evening there was another masquerade ball. The Japanese lanterns bobbing up and down in the breeze were very ~~p~~retty. Some of the costumes were interesting, and many of the younger women took advantage of the opportunity to display bare legs.

~~(Deagoni, July 12, yellow folder, *omit*~~

~~(Longobardi, same.~~

(Tenney, ~~same.~~ *extract*

2795--a

"At sea en route Panama, San Francisco, Honolulu,

"12 July 1927.

"Mr. Lloyd C. Tenny,

"Chief, Bu. Agricultural Economics,

"U.S. Department of Agriculture,

"Washington, D.C.

"Dear Mr. Tenny:

"I inclose copy for your information of report to the Secretary General of the International Institute of Agriculture of this date regarding the census project in Panama.

"Please advise me regarding the allotment of cooperative funds by the Bureau for the census project this fiscal year.

x x x x

"It is therefore evident that the balance available for the last six months of 1927 is not sufficient, especially in view of the fact that travel was not continuous in the last half of 1926 and first half of 1927 when I was part of the time at headquarters. Obviously I cannot afford to be hung up without funds in Australia, India, Africa, or anywhere else except at headquarters. Unless, therefore, I hear somewhere enroute before my regular allotment ^{cooperative} nears exhaustion that the Bureau has authorized a supplemental/al-
lotment of \$1,500, or at least \$1,000, to see me through until next January, when the regular allotment for 1928 will become available, I shall feel obliged to return to Washington--probably not to leave ~~it~~ it again. I should regret to do this because it would mean that many countries will not be reached in time to obtain their cooperation in the census--which must be done not later than the first half of 1929.

x x x x x

"P.S.--This letter was written under difficulties. No place to sit but in the smoking room, surrounded by men and women, smoking,

drinking, talking and laughing. Just outside hilarious sports in progress. Boat rocking on a rolling sea, stiff breeze blowing, and tropical heat. Mountainous coast of Mexico ten miles to the east. Curiously enough, all passenger boats coming through the Canal badly crowded and every berth taken by tourists who have no better sense than to travel in the tropics in midsummer. Wow.

(1927, July, Panama to S.F.

E--2796.

Wednesday, July 13, a beautiful day with a delightful breeze and whitecapped waves. I spent a good part of the forenoon in the smoking room, reading, smoking, and sipping whiskies and sodas. I had lots of company, most of them women, some of them interesting. There were sports on deck, such as carrying lemons in spoons, tug of war, and the like. In the afternoon we came within sight of the southern extremity of Lower California, almost hidden in haze, but one could distinguish mountain ranges, a broad beach of sand, and many sand dunes. The atmosphere became much cooler toward evening, so much so that women got out their wraps and men their overcoats. There was dancing in the evening on the deck back of the smoking room. Some of the ladies look^e_Ad very attractive in special costume. I had a whiskey and soda and then took a walk. The moon was nearly full, the sky full of wisps of semitransparent clouds that scudded across the face of the moon, and below regiment followed regiment of white capped waves. I counted six young couples in the shadows. The young women did not look exactly weak or exhausted, but at any rate the young men were gallantly supporting them with arms about their waists and feminine heads were resting on masculine shoulders ^{as}~~and~~_A they gazed into each other's eyes with mutual admiration. No doubt it was the effect of the moonlight. Except for these interesting couples the decks were deserted because of the cold, the first really cold evening I had experienced in several months.

(Mother, July 13, ~~yellow~~ folder.

(1927, July, Panama to S.F.

E--2797.

Thursday, July 14, cloudy, cold day with strong wind from the north. It was so cold that passengers had to get out extra clothing and wear wraps and overcoats on deck. I wrapped up in a ^{steamer} rug and tried to read a book but was interrupted so frequently by other passengers stopping to talk that I gave it up. The day was so gloomy that no birds or fishes were seen. Part of the day we were in sight of the dim shadowy coast of Lower California. In the late afternoon we came closer to the coast and could see the mountains that were barren ^{but} beautiful with wonderful mauve, pink, blue, and purple colors, as seen in the rays of the setting sun. As the ship was expected to reach San Diego the following day the captain's dinner was held in the evening. It was a good dinner and the dining room was crowded to capacity. There were not less than two hundred guest passengers, all of whom donned the paper caps and other decorations provided by the management. Also they blew tin horns and made noises on various juvenile toys. It was a lively scene, the orchestra played like mad, and the passengers abandoned themselves to utter foolishness--in a way that no Latin people ever unbend or forget their precious dignity. At the conclusion of the dinner a clergyman who did not look like a clerguman awarded the sports prizes. He tried to be humorous, and occasionally was funny. After the dinner I went to the smoking room. There was much gaiety and good humor, and outside was music and dancing. Many of the younger women wore ultra short skirts and pink silk stockings and danced with great abandon. The older contingent, including myself, looked on with interest and amusement.

In conversation with Mrs. Walsh the freedom of the New Woman, ostentatious lack of dress, absence of chaperones, and petting parties came up for discussion. She described the petting parties that took place regularly at her country home. She said young people

Thursday, July 14, cloudy, cold day with strong wind from the north. It was so cold that passengers had to get out extra clothing and wear wraps and overcoats on deck. I wrapped up in a sweater and tried to read a book but was interrupted so frequently by other passengers stopping to talk that I gave it up. The day was so gloomy that no birds or fishes were seen. Part of the day we were in sight of the dim shadowy coast of Lower California. In the late afternoon we came closer to the coast and could see the mountains that were barren ^{but} beautiful with wonderful mauve, pink, blue, and purple colors, as seen in the rays of the setting sun. As the ship was expected to reach San Diego the following day the captain's dinner was held in the evening. It was a good dinner and the dining room was crowded to capacity. There were not less than two hundred guest passengers, all of whom dined the paper case and other accessories provided by the management. Also they blew tin horns and made noises on various juvenile toys. It was a lively scene, the orchestra played like mad, and the passengers abandoned themselves to utter foolishness--in a way that no Latin people ever understand or forget their previous dignity. At the conclusion of the dinner a clergyman who did not look like a clergyman awarded the sports prizes. He tried to be humorous, and occasionally was funny. After the dinner I went to the smoking room. There was much gaiety and good humor, and outside was music and dancing. Many of the younger women wore light short skirts and pink silk stockings and danced with great abandon. The older contingent, including myself, looked on with interest and amusement.

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(1927, July, Panama to S.F.

E--2798.

would arrive in automobiles shortly after dusk. They would park their cars along the roadside. One couple would remain seated in a car to act as guards and give warning of the approach of unsympathetic elders. The others would retire and seek concealment in the shrubbery and there hug, kiss, and play with each other. At regular intervals of five or ten minutes they would return to the cars, change and rotate partners, and repeat the performance. The young men were supposed to provide themselves with a flask of moonshine liquor which they shared with their female partners. We agreed that it was a great game for youth, but a dangerous one for the girls.

Thurs^aday, July 15, cold night and cool forenoon, about 60 degrees. I went on deck before breakfast for a smoke and a bit of exercise, and a look at the Mexican coast. The coast was about ten miles away and seemed to be mountainous ^{and} ~~ad~~ completely barren. The sea was as smooth and calm as the surface of a great river, except for long low swells, although the surf beat high on the distant coast. About 11 a.m. we passed a headland, beyond which was a low stretch of country with scattering trees.. Also there was a long wide beach of sand and flocks of snow-white gulls appeared, and began to follow the ship. It was interesting to watch their graceful effortless flight. They soared aloft, or dropped swiftly downward, or glided about in great circles, as if propelled by an invisible force, with never a flap of wing.

About noon we entered the harbor of San Diego, a short distance north of the international boundary between Mexico and the United States. On the Mexican side nothing is to be seen but a low shore, desert looking country back of it, and mountains in the distance. The American side is simply an extension of the low barren land,, the beach, and low hills, in one of the hollows of which is the city of San Diego. We passed a low promontory, Point Lomas, and

would arrive in automobiles shortly after dark. They would park their cars along the roadside. One couple would remain seated in a car to eat an evening meal and give waiting of the approach of the others. The others would retire and seek concealment in the shrubbery and there sing, kiss, and play with each other. At regular intervals of five or ten minutes they would return to the cars.

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Thursday, July 15, cold night and cool tomorrow, about 65

degrees. I went on deck before breakfast for a smoke and a bit of exercise, and a look at the Mexican coast. The coast was about ten miles away and seemed to be mountainous and completely barren. The sea was as smooth and calm as the surface of a great river, except for long low swells, although the surf beat high on the distant coast. About 11 a.m. we passed a headland, beyond which was a low stretch of country with scattering trees. Also there was a long wide beach of sand and flocks of snow-white gulls appeared, and began to follow the ship. It was interesting to watch their graceful, effortless flight. They soared aloft, or dropped swiftly downward, or flicked about in great circles, as if propelled by an invisible force, with never a flap of wing.

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(1927, July, San Diego.

E--2799.

steamed slowly through a narrow channel marked by buoys around a half circle, past a naval training school, to a wharf at the foot of Broadway, the principal street of the city. It is a broad street flanked for several blocks by skyscrapers and hotels. After a perfunctory medical inspection we had our landing cards stamped, had luncheon, and then went ashore, as did practically all other passengers. There were 454 passengers, of which 144 ~~were swatinws dee~~ San Diego, and were leaving the ship.

Our party included Mrs. Walsh and her son, a young lady, the assistant professor of economics, and myself. We engaged a large touring car and shared the expense. We were first taken through the city to Balboa Park where an international exposition was held the previous year. It was a disappointing park because it was on a barren hill and trees and shrubs were kept alive only by irrigation and many of them looked sickly for lack of sufficient water. However, many of the exposition buildings and some small garden spots near them were attractive. Among them was a beautiful lily pond with many varieties that were in bloom.

Next we were driven through the residential part of the city, largely made up of neat dwellings of the bungalow type, each with a lawn and flower garden kept green and flourishing by frequent applications of water. Then down to the naval training station and the older part of San Diego, or what was left of it. We visited the old convent building that is described in Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." This was a delightful old structure with low adobe walls three or four feet in thickness and beams and rafters tied together with rawhide thongs in lieu of nails. It had been turned into a museum and contained many objects of interest; / an old chapel, shrines, tapestries,; an old kitchen with an open fireplace, an outdoor brick oven, an old wooden ox cart, / an old well, and a ²room,

(1927, July, San Diego.

E--2800

P.E-2799 missing

full of old relics. In the center was a patio full of bright colored flowers.

~~Then~~ We were again driven across the city and continued south-
ward ~~was~~ twelve or fifteen miles to the boundary. After a cursory in-
spection we passed through the gate and on to Mexican territory. There
we climbed into a bus that took us to Tia Juana (Aunt Jane.) It is
situated on low ground in the desert a mile or more ~~from~~ ^{from} the custom-
house on the border. It turned out to be a sort of Coney Island
resort with all sorts of amusements, with much dancing, drinking,
and gambling. Of course, alcoholic liquors were the principal at-
traction and Americans were the principal patrons. It was a small
place, little more than a cheap village, a few short streets lined
with drinking places, restaurants, dance and gambling halls, with
many villainous and utterly disreputable looking men and women lurk-
ing about.

Our party straggled down one side of the main street and
back on the other side, stopping to inspect a few curios and buy
some picture postcards. Then we entered one of the more pretentious
drinking places and had a round of cocktails. These were rather
disappointing and cost fifty cents each. The price of a bottle of
whiskey was ten dollars. Evidently we Americans were being charged
all the traffic would bear. Then we walked part way up the block
and entered a cheap restaurant and ordered hot tamales. These were
very slow in coming, very inferior when served, and we ^{were} charged fifty
cents apiece for them, although the usual price is five or ten
cents, depending on size and quality. While waiting for the tamale
I suddenly felt flushed and hot in the face and realized that the
one cocktail I had taken was a powerful one and was having an unusual
effect. I looked at the faces of my companions and saw that they were
affected in the same way. I remarked to the one nearest me that the

(1927, July, Tia Juana.

E--2801.

the cocktail ^{at} ~~th~~ seemed so mild and innocent when I drank it seemed after all to have a powerful after effect. He agreed, as did the others. The professor and I agreed that those cocktails were probably responsible for the plight of many Americans who visited Tia Juana. The first one taken by the visitor would taste so mild and innocent and would have so little apparent effect that he would try another, and then probably a third. By the time the third was absorbed the first one would begin to take effect, and then a fourth might be taken. Judging by the belated effect of just one of those cocktails on me, I would say that any man, no matter how experienced a drinker he was, would be rendered non compos mentis by three or four of them, an easy prey and a helpless victim of the predatory vultures that lurked about every establishment. For this reason I was inclined to believe some of the tales of Americans who passed through the boundary gate and were never seen or heard of afterwards on the American side., and of many others who came in large automobiles, but returned to San Diego ^{afloat} ~~afloat~~ and very much ashamed of themselves.

We returned from the boundary by another route and stopped off at Coronado Beach and the hotel of the same name. The hotel was a pretentious and highly ornate one surrounded by drives, lawns, and flower gardens. From the gardens one could see the surf from the surging Pacific dash high against the stone covering of the upper level of the beach. After inspecting the attractive grounds of the hotel we walked a short distance to see a large Japanese garden in charge of a Japanese gardener. Here on an acre of ground ~~with~~ ^{plots and borders} were grass, groves, an artificial rivulet, waterfalls, little arched bridges, winding paths, clumps of bamboo, little ponds with lilies in them,, many gold fish, ferns, several small pagodas, and a real Japanese house furnished in Japanese style.

(1927, July, San Diego.

E;;2802.

It was after 7 p.m. when we finished inspecting the Japanese garden. Returning to the hotel we had an excellent supper in a great dining room ^ath^x was said to be modeled after the oval auditorium in Salt Lake City. The music was especially good. After this pleasant experience we crossed a lagoon on a ferry boat, returned to the city by street car, and, on the assurance of a passerby that the distance to the wharf was only three blocks, we walked several times that distance. .

Airplanes were circling over the harb^{or} at all hours of the day and evening. I was told that San Diego had a population of about 150,000. Apparently it is spread out over several miles of hills and hollows. It is in striking contrast with Mexican, Cuban, and other Spanish cities because of its cleanliness, neatness, and appearance of ~~o~~ bustle and prosperity.

In the forenoon before we reached the boundary I went to the bar and found it closed and was told that it would remain closed the rest of the voyage. I protested that a notice should have been display^{ed}_{ed} for the information of the patrons, ~~of the bar~~. Then I asked if it would be possible to obtain a bottle of whiskey or cognac. I was given a bottle of whiskey for five dollars, just half the price asked for the same brand at Tia Juana.

I sat in the deck chair until midnight. The ship began to move at 11 p.m. and glided out past Point Lomas as quietly as a swan., The lights of the city were among the prettiest I had seen, twinkling and flashing like jewels along the shore for ten miles and reflected in the water between ship and shore.

Saturday, July 16, a foggy morning, clear and hot by noon. I was awakened at 6 a.m. by noises on the ship, which was anchored alongside a wharf in San Pedro harbor. My cabin companion was already up and was very slow in dressing. His voyage ended at this point.

(1927, July, Los Angeles.

E--2803.

There were many vacant tables in the dining room at breakfast, many of the passengers having disembarked. I sat on deck awhile watching the unloading of trunks and automobiles. The device for handling automobiles was especially interesting. It consisted of a square steel frame from each corner of which hung a steel cable with a grappling hook of two prongs that could be slipped under the tires. When the hooks were adjusted, at a signal the steam winch would begin to revolve, the car would be whisked quickly aloft, swung out over the wharf, lowered, the hooks removed, and the car rolled to one side, the whole operation taking not more than a minute. I noted with interest also the enormous piles of merchandise, machinery, and lumber on the wharves on both sides of the narrow harbor--more than I had seen in any other port.

At 8.30 a.m. I went ashore. I declined to pay ten dollars for a boat ride to Catalina Island, although I should have liked to see it. Instead I went on a trolley car to Los Angeles. The distance between San Pedro and Los Angeles is perhaps twenty miles. Many years before I had traversed it when it was all open country and I had inspected some seed growing farms. It was now mostly covered with factories, towns about them, shops and dwellings, and innumerable signs. One great district was a forest of oil derricks, another was covered with great tanks for storing petroleum, another district was devoted to refining oil, and there were innumerable market ~~gns~~ gardens, tree nurseries, dairies, and everywhere blocks of cheap houses. We passed through a rather dilapidated part of Los Angeles, crossed some railroad yards, and into a fine large railway station, the "Pacific Electric."

I walked leisurely down the principal street. It was lined with theaters, ^{some} ~~some~~ for men only, jewelry, hardware, and notion shops, with several large shops that dealt only in picture postcards.

(1927, July, Los Angeles.

E--2804.

I stopped at a restaurant and had a large slice of ripe watermelon off the ice, which was delicious and refreshing. After walking until I was weary I ventured into a cheap theater ~~for~~ "for men only." It was running a motion picture that was monotonous, uninteresting, and disappointing, and I soon left. I stopped at another cheap restaurant and had some doughnuts and a cup of coffee. Here I rested a few minutes and addressed some postcards to members of the family. On the way down the street I stopped at another picture show "for men only," but why for men only I could not understand because it might have been shown in a Sunday school without harm to the morals of the infants. Farther down the street I stepped into a small shop entirely open on the street side in which an evangelist with a voice like a brass horn was telling in stentorian tones half a dozen tired looking men like myself that if we did not accept the divine plan of salvation, his plan, we would be eternally damned to unimaginable torment over red hot grates seeting^h in flames and prodded by enterprising little devils with two-pronged forks while a master devil gloated over us from a convenient post of observation, while^{with} all our relatives and friends looked^{ing} over the walls of heaven and enjoyed^{ing} inexpressible felicity, all of which was for the glory and justification of God. Salvation could be secured only in one way, the acceptance of the divine plan. The divine plan as he described it, was that on the great day of judgment all humans, their souls and their bodies, would be resurrected and immediately separated. Those who on earth had accepted the divine plan would be at once translated into heaven and eternal bliss, and those who had rejected the plan would be cast into flames and eternal torment. Thusⁱ lurid account of the hereafter was illustrated by diagrams that hung on the walls. As a statistician I was interested in charts and diagrams and examined these with interest. Perhaps the one that in-

(1927, July, Los Angeles.

E__2805.

terestd me most was the one illustrating what happened, or is to happen, at judge^ment day. This represented a hill with a precipice, on top of which was a sort of trap door, the trap door symbolizing the judgment scales. Cadaverous individuals were issuing from graves on the hillside, marching in procession to the top^e, and as they stepped upon the trap door they were automatically judged. Those who in life had accepted the plan of salvation walked across unharmed and were caught up by two angels ^{and} ~~ad~~ transported to heaven just across the gorge. Those who had rejected the divine plan on earth were dropped through the trap door to the bottomless pit seething with flames below. This was undoubtedly the clearest presentation of the subject from that point of view I had ever seen. The preacher never flagged, but when I turned about I found that I was the only auditor.

To remove or counteract the impression the plan of salvation had made upon me I entered another cheap theater that advertised a "girl show." In the anteroom to this hall was an orang outang in a cage swinging by a rope. He looked very much like a low order of negro, except that in lieu of a nose he simply had holes for nostrils. Also there was a python in a cage; a strong man who juggled heavy weights and twisted steel bars; a young man with a silk hat who did some conjuring tricks; and then a "bevy" of women, supposed to be young and fascinating, came out on a little stage and sang a song in squawking voices and did a sort of wiggly dance. The best that could be said of them was that they were females, highly colored, and displayed without fear or favor shapely legs, which was perhaps what the men wanted. Admittance to this part of the show was ten cents. When these charmers withdrew the ballyhoo master of ceremonies appeared on the stage and invited the men to pass behind the ^{sc}reens and see the "French girls" for the insignificant sum of twenty-five cents, guaranteed to be equal to anything to be seen in "gay Paree."

...the most was the one illustrating what happened, or is to happen, at Judge's day. This represented a hill with a precipice on top of which was a sort of trap door, the trap door symbolizing the judgment seals. Cadaverous individuals were issuing from graves on the hillside, marching in procession to the top, and as they stepped upon the trap door they were automatically judged. Those who in life had accepted the plan of salvation walked across unhindered and were caught up by two angels and transported to heaven just across the gorge. Those who had rejected the divine plan on earth were dropped through the trap door to the bottomless pit burning with flames below. This was undoubtedly the clearest presentation of the subject from that point of view I had ever seen. The preacher never flagged, but when I turned about I found that I was the only auditor. To remove or counteract the impression the plan of salvation had made upon me I entered another cheap theater that advertised a "Klondike show." In the anteroom to this hall was an orang ousang in a cage swinging by a rope. He looked very much like a low order of negro, except that in lieu of a nose he simply had holes for nostrils. Also there was a python in a cage; a strong man who juggled heavy weights and twisted steel bars; a young man with a silk hat who did some conjuring tricks; and then a "heavy" or woman, supposed to be young and fascinating, came out on a little stage and sang a song in squeaking voices and did a sort of wiggly dance. The best that could be said of them was that they were females, highly colored, and displayed without fear or favor shapely legs, which was perhaps what the men wanted. Additions to this part of the show was ten cents. When these characters withdrew the ballyhoo master of ceremonies appeared on the stage and invited the men to pass behind the scenes and see the "French girls" for the magnificent sum of twenty-five cents, guaranteed to be equal to anything to be seen in "Gay Paris."

(1927, July, Los Angeles.

E--2806.

Most of the audience produced the required coin, I among them, and the Ballyhoo reaped quite a harvest. ~~The~~ The male audience filed through a narrow canvas corridor to a room in the rear with a small stage. Six young women came out on the stage. They looked suspiciously like those we had already seen, but were dressed and painted differently. They were dressed in full length fluffy skirts and their act consisted mostly of posing and occasionally lifting a skirt almost as high as a knee. They remained on exhibition not more than one minute. And so this was high life, night life, in gay Paree, all for twenty-five cents. When this aggregation withdrew the Ballyhoo barker promptly took their place and in a low, husky, confidential voice said that all gentlemen who were good judges of feminine beauty and the female form divine could stay for fifty cents and see real Hindoo, Egyptian, and other Eastern beauties do their native oriental dances, this time "without any frills," provided each gentleman who remained would promise to say nothing about it outside that would cause trouble with the city authorities, ^{because} ~~because~~ such exhibitions were prohibited by ^{law} ~~in~~ in this country and to see them one must visit the harems of the caliphs and sultans on the other side of the world. The men, about twentyfive, in the audience solemnly lined up and passed before the Ballyhoo master and deposited their coin. Then followed an exhibition of three or four women in costume to represent Egyptian, Persian, and Hindoo beauties, who went through a contortionist dance of rhythmic abdominal and pectoral movements that in olden times was known in this country as the "hootchy-kootchy" dance. It lasted about a minute. Then the performers and the Ballyhoo disappeared. The men looked at each other sheepishly, some with grins, and marched solemnly out. As for me, the whole performance from the time I read the sign outside until it was over, struck me as very funny, and I had a genuine admiration

(1927, July, Los Angeles.

E--2807.

for the psychological sagacity and skillful maneuvering of the Ballyhoo. Surely to sift out twentyfive men from an audience that had paid an entrance fee of ten cents to see a cheap performance and induce them to spend 250% more to see a "French girl" show, and then lead them on to pay 500 % more to see the "oriental dancers" was no slight achievement. Perhaps I, as one of those men, should say nothing. I suspect the other twenty-four kept silent.

Out on the street again it was very hot. I had had quite enough of cheap^p amusements. I~~w~~ walked back to the railway station and sat awhile in the waiting room pondering what I should do now. I felt there was nothing ~~of~~ particular interest in Los Angeles itself worth taking much trouble to see on a hot afternoon. Pasadena was almost too far out to visit in the late afternoon. Hollywood I had seen years before ~~where~~^{when} it was simply an artists colony of beautiful houses and gardens. ~~and~~ I feared that the moving picture business had spoiled it and I did not wish to spoil pleasant memories by disillusionment. / I could have gone to a large hotel and sat in the lounge, but that would not be especially exciting. I decided that I had seen enough of Los Angeles. I caught the first train back to San Pedro and reached my cabin at 4.30 p.m. not altogether pleased with my visit to the city. It is curious what a feeling of home-coming one has when he returns to a ship on which he has lived for some days or weeks. My fellow passenger, the old German from Venezuela, had left and I had the cabin all to myself, which is a ~~real~~ ^{real} luxury to one who loves privacy. After a long nap I had an excellent supper and then spent the evening in the smoking lounge reading.

Sunday, July 17, foggy morning, clear afternoon, with wind and high sea, and steadily growing colder. I awoke at 7 a.m. as the ship was threading her way out of the narrow harbor of San

(1927, July, Panama to S.F.

E--2808.

Pedro. For two or three hours we were passing between two shores, the mainland on the right and Santa Barbara Island on the left. In the forenoon I played deck quoits with a group of gentlemen. In the afternoon I finished reading "The New Terror," by Gaston Lereaux, a curious story of a young wife whose astral body was shot through at a considerable distance from her physical body, her physical body dying as the result of the wound in the astral body. It got so cold that I went to bed at 4 p.m. to get warm and slept until 8 p.m., so that I had to take supper alone. It grew steadily colder, but because the ship ^{was} just up from the tropics and it was supposed to be midsummer there was no steam heat. I got out my heaviest winter clothing. In the evening I sat in the smoking lounge talking with a party of ladies. It was foggy again and the ship's syren was kept going steadily.

Monday, July 18, foggy and cold all night. We entered Golden Gate narrows ^{and a} harbor at 9.30 a.m. in a fog so dense that the shore on either side could not be seen. It took more than an hour to clear through the custom house and get out on the street. I was driven to the Bellevue Hotel where I was given a nice room on the 6th floor with bath for \$3.50 per day. After getting settled I went to the American Express office and reserved passage on the Dollar Line Steamer "President Taft," leaving for Honolulu on July 23^d, which was the earliest connection I could make. After leaving my camera at a shop for repairs, I called on a dentist in a large modern building who had been recommended to me by the druggist in the hotel. The dentist in a rather flippant manner said it would cost me \$75 to have a new dental plate made. This seemed excessive and I told the dentist I would think about it. I had luncheon in a small cafeteria and returned to the hotel to make up my laundry. Then I walked a mile or more looking for a modest dentist establish-

(1927, July, San Francisco.

E--2809.

ment. I found one that agreed to make a new plate for \$30.00. Even that was excessive for a simple upper plate, but it was so much less than the price the first dentist asked that I gave the order. Then I took a long walk through Chinatown. On the way back I stopped in a bookstore and bought a biography of Elbert Hubbard and another book by Ibañez, and at a candy store bought a small box of chocolates. At my room I sat in a rocking chair with my overcoat on and read a lot of newspapers, of which I had seen very few since leaving Kansas City.

At 7.20 p.m. I had a nice supper at a small restaurant and then took a walk down the street and back. It was too cold outside for comfort. It seemed strange to encounter such cold anywhere in the United States in July. I was struck by the energy displayed by the people on the street and by their rosy complexions, due no doubt to the Labradorean climate. They had to walk fast to keep from freezing.

Tuesday, July 19,, clear and cold, I had luncheon in the Clinton Cafeteria which occupied the entire ^{basement} ~~basement~~ of the Flood building. It was a bright cheerful place with a great ^{variety} ~~variety~~ of foods well cooked, comfortable chairs, and good music. After luncheon I went to the dentist for an impression, and then walked around through the Chinese quarter. I called at the American Express and got my steamer ticket to Honolulu and Kobe, Japan. ^{Then} ~~When~~ I walked down to the Ferry Building. I called at the fruit and vegetable inspection offices of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, but the man in charge, Mr. Sanson, was away for a week. On the walk back I did some window shopping, made a few purchases, and mailed some picture postcards. ^{In} ~~Then~~ I ~~went into~~ a motion picture theater ^{and} ~~and~~ saw "The Murphys and Callahans" and was delighted with it. I had supper at a cafeteria ^{and} walked the street for awhile, but it was too cold for

ment. I found one that agreed to make a new plate for \$3.00. I was that was excessive for a simple upper plate, but it was so much less than the price the first dentist asked that I gave the order. Then I took a long walk through Chinatown. On the way back I stopped in a bookstore and bought a biography of Albert Einstein and another book by Ibsen, and at a candy store bought a small box of chocolates. At my room I sat in a rocking chair with my overcoat on and read a lot of newspapers, of which I had seen very few since leaving Kansas City.

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Thursday, July 19, clear and cold. I had luncheon in the Clinton Cafeteria which occupied the entire basement of the Flood Building. It was a bright cheerful place with a great variety of foods well cooked, comfortable chairs, and good music. After lunch I went to the dentist for an impression, and then walked around through the Chinese quarter. I called at the American Express and got my steamer ticket to Honolulu and Kobe, Japan. Then I walked down to the Ferry Building. I called at the fruit and vegetable market then offices of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, but the men in charge, Mr. Benson, was away for a week. On the walk back I did some window shopping, made a few purchases, and mailed some picture post cards. I went into a motion picture theater and saw "The Karpis and Callahan" and was delighted with it. I had supper at a cafeteria, walked the forest for a while, but it was too cold for

(1927, July, San Francisco.

E--2810.

for comfort.

Wednesday, July 20, cloudy and cold. I mailed a package of books to my home address, got my camera and some prints from the repair shop, had the dental plate fitted, and walked through the warehouse section of the city to the municipal building. It was uncomfortably cold on the streets and in the hotel and I began to experience a feeling of great exasperation. It had no business to be so cold in July, especially in "sunny California."

Thursday, July 21, bright sunshine, the first I had seen in San Francisco since my arrival. Slept well, and after a late breakfast finished labelling and arranging my collection of photographs, and began reading "Helen of Troy" by Erskine, and did not like it. At luncheon I had strawberry shortcake, that truly American and most delicious confection when properly prepared. Began reading Matthew Arnold's "Light of Asia." At two o'clock I ~~took~~ a sight-seeing bus, ^{that} ~~this~~ took us through some of the principal streets and avenues, stopped at the Dolores Mission that was constructed in 1776, and thence out to Golden Gate Park. The park looked much as it did when I first saw it eighteen years previously. We were given time to inspect the natural history building which had a fine collection of mounted specimens with panoramic backgrounds picturing their native environment. Next we were driven to the Cliff House overlooking the ~~exposed~~ surf beaten rocks on which the seals can be seen sporting. Next we visited the Presidio, the military reservation overlooking the Golden Gate entrance to the great harbor. We could not see the water because of the dense fog that was flowing in like a great river. We returned by way of the water front and the Municipal Building and back to the hotel. I had a light supper and spent the evening reading. The local papers were full of accounts of the Dempsey- Sharkey fight.

(1927, July, San Francisco.

E--2811.

Friday, July 22, more fog but not quite so cold. About 11 a.m. Mr. H.H.Kaufman, state statistician for the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, with headquarters at Sacramento, called. I had mailed a postcard to him simply as a passing greeting, and he had driven down the next morning in his car. I was greatly pleased to see him. We had luncheon together in the hotel dining room and then he took me for a long drive in his car. He drove out to Golden Gate Park and the Cliff House, down along the coast for several miles, then across to the Bay, and back. Most of the time he talked about his office work. He was inclined to be somewhat critical of the bureau authorities for stressing so strongly purely technical methods of crop estimating. Probably this was because I expressed myself so freely on the subject, ~~because~~ I had always felt that refined statistical methods were not applicable to the crude data collected in agricultural census and crop estimating work. He was able to tell me much bureau news and from him I learned that Mr. R.A. Oakley was station^{ed} in California in the hope^e that the climate^a would benefit his health. As we drove along the coast it was a curious sight to see the fog come rolling in from the sea and flow swiftly over the tops of the hills and silently fill the hollows and valleys on the other side. We returned to the hotel at 4.30 p.m. and sat a long time in the lobby conversing. My friend declined to take supper with me because of an engagement with other friends. I enjoyed my afternoon with him greatly. I spent the evening writing letters.

^{Wife}
(Mother, July 22, yellow folder.

(1927, Jyly, San Francisco.

2812.

Saturday, July 23, misty and cold, as usual. I was up early, packed, had breakfast, and mailed some letters and a package of books. Had luncheon at a cafeteria, settled my hotel account on the early afternoon, and was transferred to Pier 44 where I boarded the President Taft. It was a large modern ship, but with such a labyrinth of corridors and blind passages in its interior as to make it easy to get lost.

I found that my cabin was a large room with a single bed in the center of it and several suitcases on the floor, which showed that I was to have a fellow passenger. There was much activity on the boat and on the pier, loading and unloading merchandize, which was proceeding rapidly. I watched the movement for awhile. The pier was back around the bay and one could look across to Oakland which looked dim through the mist. Many Chinese and Japanese passengers came aboard, / / and some of them appeared to be of mixed blood. The ship moved away from the pier exactly at 4 p.m. The pier was crowded with people. Stewards distributed confetti among the passengers on deck who cast it in long colored ribbons over the people on the dock as the ship moved slowly away. This is a pretty custom because it creates a diversion and gives the waiting passengers and their friends something to do and to occupy their attention while the ship gradually withdraws and separates them. Somehow, in spite of the hustle and bustle, the confetti and the music, there is always something solemn about a departing ship to both the passengers and their friends and relatives on the pier-- it is a visible parting, a separation to follow, and--the ship and those passengers may never return. That last thought is rarely expressed in words, but I suspect it is often in the minds of those who depart in ships and of those who see them depart.

(1927, July, San Francisco.

E--2813.

The harbor, bay, and surrounding hills were enveloped in mist so that practically nothing could be seen. A strong wind was blowing and it was very cold. At 5 p.m. the passengers assembled in the dining room and were assigned to tables. Two hours later the dinner gong rang and an excellent supper was served. At my table I got acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. W.D. Pierce, an economic entomologist, formerly in the employ of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, now on his way to some sugar plantations in the Philippines. From him I learned that Mr. Haskell, who was employed for a time in my bureau, was now agricultural director in Persia. On the other side of the table ^a ~~s~~ a young couple, an engineer from El Paso and his wife, who were on their way to the Philippines. My cabin companion was a gentleman from Augusta, Georgia. In response to my friendly advances, because I was disposed to be friendly to any one who spoke the delicious southern dialect, he informed me slowly and with much dignity that his people had large cotton plantations, that he was on a vacation to Honolulu, and that he was ^o ~~t~~hroughly drunk and proposed to remain in that condition until his vacation was over. The contrast between the boyish, rollypoly appearance of the young man and the solemn finality of his last statement was amusing. After making ^t ~~h~~is statement he ~~pro~~ laid down with his clothes on and promptly fell into a profound slumber from which he did not awaken until the following afternoon.

I went up to the smoking room and began reading a volume of fairy tales. Only a few people came in and none of them patronized the bar. Only soft drinks could be served.

Sunday, July 24, cloudy, warmer, and a calm sea.

The harbor, bay, and surrounding hills were enveloped in mist so that practically nothing could be seen. A strong wind was blowing and it was very cold. At 5 p.m. the passengers assembled in the dining room and were assigned to tables. Two hours later the dinner was served and an excellent supper was served. At my table I got acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. W.D. France, an economic entomologist, formerly in the employ of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, now on his way to some sugar plantation in the Philippines. From him I learned that Mr. Haskell, who was employed for a time in my bureau, was now experimental director in Georgia. On the other side of the table sat a young couple, an engineer from El Paso and his wife, who were on their way to the Philippines. My cabin companion was a gentleman from ^{his} Georgia. In response to my friendly advances, because I was disposed to be friendly to any one who spoke the delicious southern dialect, he informed me slowly and with much dignity that his people had large cotton plantations, that he was on a vacation to Honolulu, and that he was thoroughly drunk and proposed to remain in that condition until his vacation was over. The contrast between the boyish, rollicking appearance of the young man and the solemn finality of his last statement was amusing. After making his statement he fell down with his clothes on and promptly fell into a profound slumber from which he did not awaken until the following afternoon.

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Sunday, July 24, cloudy, warmer, and a calm sea.

(1927--July, S.F.to Honolulu.

E--2814.

I was up early and after breakfast sat awhile on deck. The ship was headed due west. The sun was trying to break through the clouds and threw great patches of shining light on the rippling waves. It was warm enough to be pleasant. This was a great relief after a week of cloud, fog, gloom, and cold in and about San Francisco. The more I thought about that unseasonable wintry weather in San Francisco in the month of July the more abominable it seemed. I still smile in retrospect at the savage quality of my responses to the cheerful inquiry of so many shopkeepers and others I met in ~~San~~ San Francisco as to what I thought of their weather. They seemed proud of it, so invigorating, so wonderful, nothing like it anywhere else, and the like. I refrained from actually swearing and tried to restrain my expressions, but even so they usually wore a stunned and bewildered expression, especially when I said that anywhere north of the ~~Pixxx~~ Arctic circle was paradise compared with San Francisco in July, or that heaven began about fifty miles either north or south of San Francisco, or that the trouble with San Francisco was that it was not a suburb of Hell so that it could ^{have} free and adequate heat in July.

The meals on the ship were excellent and I was very comfortable. It was a quiet day and I spent it in reading "El Papa del Mar" by Ibaññez, a book setting forth the sins and iniquities of one of the Popes.

Monday, July 25, For a few hours in the morning the sun broke through the clouds, and then was again obscured. Evidently we were still within the baleful influence of San Francisco. For two days and nights at sea it had been cloudy and cold, so cold that one had to wear an overcoat and gloves on deck. Finished reading "El Papa del Mar" and began "A Natural History of Hawaii" by William A. Bryan., a very prolix account of the topography, vegetation,

(1927, July, S.F. to Honolulu.

E--2815.

people, field crops, and livestock, of the islands. During the afternoon I was interested in watching a company of Marine recruits on their way from San Francisco to China. They had boxing exercises which seemed to be a part of their regular training. The first officer of the ship sits at my table. ^I ^{him} ~~He~~/took ~~me~~/for a German, but he said he was born of Esthonian parents at sea.

Tuesday, July 26, clear, warm, and lovely in the forenoon, but cloudy again in the afternoon. Not entirely beyond the baleful July influence of San Francisco. Finished the "Natural History of Hawaii" and began reading a book by William J. Locke, all of whose stories are entertaining. During the forenoon the sea was a deep blue and streaked with the foam of racing whitecaps. No living thing in sea or air was to be seen. In the evening I read "Dark Night" by J. W. Lincoln, story of a man who went to prison for five years because his wife was a kleptomaniac and mislaid the funds of a church of which he was the treasurer.

Wednesday, July 27, bright and hot, following heavy rain in the night. Evidently we were passing out of the zone of San Francisco's diabolical July climate, a zone of perpetual cloud, fog, and unseasonable cold. And to think that the people condemned to live in San Francisco during July actually are proud of their climate, exult in it, and gloat over it, and are so obsessed with the notion that it is a tolerable, even a delightful climate, that they ask visitors from more favored climes what they think of it. Surely it was a wise and beneficent providence that endowed people with the faculty of idealizing the ^w_A climate and environment; otherwise how can one account for the feeling of the people of San Francisco for their climate in July, or the Esquimeaux for their environment, or people who live in the desert! Possibly it's a case of "Ignorance is bliss," and they know no better.

people, field crops, and livestock, of the islands. During the afternoon I was interested in watching a company of Marine recruits on their way from San Francisco to China. They had been exercising which seemed to be a part of their regular training. The first officer of the ship said at my table. As soon as I saw a German, but he said he was born of Hawaiian parents at sea.

Tuesday, July 23, clear, warm, and lovely in the forenoon, but cloudy again in the afternoon. Not so hot as the day before. I finished the "Natural History of Hawaii" and began reading a book by William D. Locke, all of whose stories are entertaining. During the forenoon the sea was a deep blue and streaked with the foam of racing whitecaps. No living thing in sea or air was to be seen. In the evening I read "Dark Night" by Whitman, story of a man who went to prison for five years because his wife was a kleptomaniac and pilfered the funds of a church of which he was the treasurer.

Wednesday, July 24, bright and hot, following heavy rain in the night. Evidently we were passing out of the zone of San Francisco cold diabolical July climate, a zone of perpetual cloud, fog, and unreasonable cold. And to think that the people condemned to live in San Francisco during July actually are proud of their climate, exist in it, and float over it, and are so obsessed with the notion that it is a tolerable, even a delightful climate, that they ask visitors from more favored climes what they think of it. Surely it was a wise and beneficent Providence that endowed people with the faculty of idealizing the climate and environment; otherwise how can one account for the feeling of the people of San Francisco for their climate in July, or the admiration for their environment, or people who live in the desert? Possibly it's a case of "I'm sure it's bliss," and they know no better.

(1927, July, S.F. to Honolulu.

E--2816

I read the French version of the census program to refresh my memory. Then I read "Laugh and Grow Rich" by Jack Kahane. During the forenoon there were some competitive games among the children and boxing bouts by the Marines. I confess I did not like the spectacle of men standing up and striking at each other with all their strength, breaking each other's noses, cutting each other's lips, knocking out each other's teeth, becoming extremely exhausted until they could hardly stand, occasionally knocking each other senseless, and always streaming with perspiration and blood. It's brutal sport and only brutes should engage in it. It is the human equivalent of a dog fight. I can see, of course, that it is good training for professional fighters and would be excellent discipline for all young cocky males who have never tried their strength against others with equal or superior strength and skill. But the spectacle of perspiring, bloody, exhausted, maimed men is essentially disgusting. I believe I could witness an encounter between two equally skilled men with swords, rapiers, or pistols without turning a hair, but I would never willingly consent to witness a boxing bout. I finished reading "Laugh and Grow Rich" and did not like it. It is about the most suggestive book I have seen printed in English. Again I read through the French version of the census program so that I might be able to discuss it readily in French. .

The first officer said the President Taft was about 535 feet long, 74 feet wide, carries 14,500 tons net, had a crew of 235 men, uses 3,000 gallons of paint annually, and was cleaned in dry dock once every eight months.

Thursday, July 28,, clear, bright, warm, blue sky and sea, rippling white caps, silvery flying fish,, and everybody in high good humor. No doubt about it, we had passed entirely out of the devilishly baleful July climate of San Francisco. Again under

I read the French version of the census program to French by memory. Then I read "Lash and Grow Rich" by Jack Kline. During the forenoon there were some competitive games among the children and boxing bouts by the Marines. I confess I did not like the spectacle of men standing up and striking at each other with all their strength, breaking each other's noses, cutting each other's lips, knocking out each other's teeth, becoming extremely exhausted until they could hardly stand, occasionally knocking each other senseless, and always attending with perspiration and blood. It's brutal sport and only brutes should engage in it. It is the human equivalent of a dog fight. I can see, of course, that it is good training for professional fighters and would be excellent discipline for all young cocky males who have never tried their strength against others with equal or superior strength and skill. But the spectacle of perspiring, bloody, exhausted, maimed men is essentially disgusting. I believe I could witness an encounter between two equally skilled men with swords, pistols, or rifles without turning a hair, but I would never willingly consent to witness a boxing bout. I finished reading "Lash and Grow Rich" and did not like it. It is about the most suggestive book I have seen printed in English. Again I read through the French version of the census program so that I might be able to discuss it readily in French.

The first officer said the President's tent was about 55 feet long, 14 feet wide, carried 14,500 tons net, had a crew of 155 men, used 5,000 gallons of paint annually, and was cleaned in dry dock once every eight months.

Thursday, July 28, clear, bright, warm, blue sky and sea, whaling white caps, silvery flying fish, and porpoises in high good humor. No doubt about it, we had passed entirely out of the devilishly beautiful July climate of San Francisco. Again under

(1927, July, S.F. to Honolulu.

E--2817.

normal climatic conditions we could live and enjoy ourselves in normal human fashion without thought of winter clothing, wraps, abysmal gloom and dire discomfort. Holy Moses, why even an insensate bug should want to live in or near San Francisco in July is beyond my comprehension. Perhaps they hibernate during that month and thus manage to survive.

Many of the passengers on board had Jewish names. I got acquainted with one, a young man with a hatchet face who said that one of his hobbies was photography and that he was on his way to the Fiji Islands with a motion picture camera especially to take pictures of the natives in their native environment. He said that all his life he had dreamed of the South Sea Islands but never expected to see them. ~~He said that~~ ^A few days previously he had acted as pall bearer to a friend who had died suddenly. In the funeral cortege was a lawyer friend in bad physical condition from overwork. Another friend asked the lawyer why he did not take a vacation, and added that he was leaving San Francisco the next day for the Fiji Islands. The young man said he remarked on the spur of the moment, "Gee, I wish I could go." His friend replied, "Well, why not; get ready and come along, I will pay your expenses." Then he began to think of all the reasons why he could not go. He could not leave his business; he could not leave his wife; he could not pack up and get ready over night. But his friend urged him. When he got home his wife urged him. ^{At the office} ~~And~~ his business associates urged him. He decided to go and got desperately busy to prepare for the voyage. And so in less than twenty-four hours after the funeral he found himself on the steamer bound for the Fiji Islands. So here he was, realizing the dream of his life, and still rubbing his eyes to see if it was ~~all~~ ~~and~~ only a dream.

I finished reading a book on Japan which was distinctly hostile

(1927, July, S.F. to Honolulu. E--2818.

to the Japanese. It depicted them as treacherous, militaristic, double-faced, and intrigueing. I read a novel by a woman that was pleasing. It was a story of a beautiful widow who adopted several children and went into partnership with a doctor who specialized on infants and, of course, they fell in love and married. It was one of those harmless little stories with nothing much to it, but it was about a pleasing subject, pleasingly told, and wound up with a satisfactory ending.

The captain's dinner was held in the evening, because many of the passengers were to leave the ship at Honolulu, but it was a rather tame affair. A masquerade ball followed with about fourteen couples in costume. Some of the Japanese costumes were gay and pretty.

Friday, July 29, a clear pleasant day. I awoke early and went on deck shortly after 6 a.m. Breakfast was served as the ship entered the harbor of Honolulu. The harbor is broad but shallow, with mountains rising a short distance back of the shore line. Off to one side of the city is a small flat valley plain. Both the valley and the mountains were a vivid green with the morning sun shining on them through fleecy white clouds. It made a pretty sight. The city seemed to be disappointingly small and ~~from the bay seemed to~~ be little more than a village. As we swung in towards the pier ~~there~~ about twenty beautiful, lythe, nearly naked "beach boys" ~~that~~ swam out several hundred yards to meet the ship. Many of the passengers threw ~~coins~~ ^{coins} into the water and the boys dived for them, rarely missing one. As we approached the pier one of the boys climbed to the top of a high building and from a height of about fifty feet dived over the projecting platform below into the water. There was no customs inspection, the passengers simply identifying their baggage and checking it through to their hotels.. On the pier were a

to the Japanese. It depicted them as treacherous, effeminate, double-faced, and intriguing. I read a novel by a woman that was pleasant. It was a story of a beautiful widow who adopted several children and went into partnership with a doctor who specialized on infants and, of course, they fell in love and married. It was one of those harmless little stories with nothing much to it, but it was about a pleasing subject, pleasantly told, and wound up with a satisfactory ending.

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(1927, July, Honolulu.

E--2829.

number^{er} of women, mostly old and wrinkled, with wreathes of yellow and pink flowers which they threw over the necks of men and then held out their hands for the expected quarter.. A photographer was there also to take your picture. Sentimentally it is a pretty custom, but a strange gentleman just landed and intent on getting to his hotel does not fully appreciate it's appropriateness when he is suddenly held up, and finds himself encumbered with some flowers he does not want and that make him feel foolish, and for which he is expected to pay. The flowers are a nuisance, not especially pretty, and he does not know what to do with them. He is apt to be annoyed and think that it is simply a scheme of some old native women to extort money from unsuspecting victims. This impression is promptly confirmed if a passenger thinks or pretends to believe that the flowers are a gift and started~~ed~~ to move on. If he does so he is promptly undeceived by the malign expressions and protests of the old hags. No doubt this unfavorable impression of the incoming male passengers would be entirely different if, ~~if~~ instead of the hags and their grumpy manners, they were greeted by troops of comely smiling maidens, not too coy, especially if they were dressed in the ~~traditional~~ ^{long legendary} hula-hula garments.

I took a taxi to the Young Hotel, which was only a few blocks from the pier, but for which I was charged one dollar. I was given a comfortable interior room and bath for \$3.50 per day.

I went first to the postoffice and found a few letters that had come in by the same boat with me. I asked what would be done with letters addressed to me care of the U.S.Consul, my customary address, and was told that they would be sent to the Governor's Office. At the Governor's office the secretary said he remembered receiving letters addressed to me, but not knowing what else to do with them he had returned them. I ventured to suggest tthat it might be well

(1927, July, Honolulu.

E;;2820.

in future to hold letters so address^{ed} for a few days, at least until after the arrival of a few steamers, because most traveling Americans were apt to have their mail addressed to them "C/o the U.S.Consul" and overlook the fact that there is no U.S.Consul in the insular possessions of the United States, and they would hardly have their mail so addressed if they did not expect to visit those places within a reasonable time. I explained that my itinerary showed San Juan, ^Puerto Rico, as the last point in the West Indies I was to visit, and Honolulu as the next point, with approximate dates; that at San Juan I received no mail; that no ship was available to bring me directly from San Juan to Honolulu and it had taken me nearly a month to come from one place to the other; now I had no mail here; it would probably be three or four weeks before I could reach Tokio, my next destination where^r I would find a U.S.Consul and some mail; but in the meantime I would have gone fully two months without communication from my department or my family--all because of the indecent haste ~~to~~ of the governors' secretaries to return mail ~~and~~ improperly addressed to people they did not know; all of which inconvenience and possible loss might readily be avoided by holding such mail for a reasonable time. He admitted the justice of my complaint and was courteously apologetic.

I returned to the hotel rather tired from standing up so long on the ship and at the pier and walking to the postoffice and the Governor's office, so I undressed and slept until noon. Then I had a bath and a change of clothing and took luncheon in a cafeteria in the hotel. The prices were much higher than in San Francisco and the food and service not nearly so good. After luncheon I sat in the hotel lobby awhile and in a local newspaper read my name among the list of passengers arriving on the President Taft. While reading I was accosted by Dr. Carl Alsberg, former chief of the

(1927, July, Honolulu.

E--2821.

U.S. Bureau of Chemistry, and later director of the Food Research Laboratory at Palo Alto, California. We were old friends and had a long talk. He said there was no department of agriculture in Hawaii and ^athat the officials dealing with agriculture were at loggerheads; that there was an old aristocratic clique of rich sugar planters that had established a research laboratory of their own ~~to~~ to which they contributed \$350,000 annually, and which refuses to cooperate with any other agency; ^athat there was a U.S. Agricultural Experiment^t Station with insufficient funds; *and there was the univer-* sity that had tried to have the U.S. Experiment Station annexed to it, but Congress felt that because of the cliques and disorganiza- tion the station should be kept separate and independent. Dr. Alsberg said he had been in Honolulu several weeks in attendance on a congress of the Pan Pacific Union which had just the day before adjourned. He took me upstairs to the office of Dr. Ford, President of the Pan Pacific Union, to introduce me, but Dr. Ford was not in. Then we rode on a trolley car out to the Papaunoa Academy beyond the suburbs where the congress had ~~had~~ its headquarters. It is situated on high ground overlooking the city and the bay and was surrounded by beautiful grounds.

At the Academy I was introduced to a number of delegates. Dr. O. E. Baker of my bureau came in and our meeting was a mutual surprise.. Both Dr. Alsberg and Dr. ~~Baker~~ Baker were leaving the ^{same} ~~same~~ even- ing on excursions. Among the delegates I met Dr. Shumacki Nady, of the University of Tokio, who was a delegate to the General Assembly of 1920 at Rome and said he remembered me.

On the return ^rtip by trolley I caught sight of the sign at the entrance to the U.S. Agricultural Experiment Station and got off. It is a beautiful place on a hillside, with neat buildings, a lawn, and flowers and trees. I stopped to inquire of a Chinese gardener,

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E--²822.

when the voice of Dr. ^{J.M.} Westgate rang out a greeting from his office nearby. We had known each other as employes together in the Bureau of Plant Industry many years before. He was now and for several years had been director of the experiment station in Hawaii. In his office I found another old friend, Dr. E.V. Wilcox, a former director of the station and for a time employed in the Office of Farm Management at Washington where I became acquainted with him. He had become a successful writer on the Country Gentleman and was on his way to Australia and India for material. After he left I had a long talk with Dr. Westgate, who seemed quite happy in his work. He said the principal project of the station was to encourage diversification of crops in Hawaii and to promote the consumption by the mixed population of more fruits and vegetables to the end that Hawaii ^{is} might become selfsustaining whenever it should become necessary. . He said the big planters did not realize that the islands produced only enough food for about four months of the year and that for the remaining eight months food ^{had} ~~he~~ to be imported. In the event of war and blockade this would be a serious situation. He said that the station had been experimenting with the edible canna which experiments demonstrated produced the greatest quantity of starchy food per acre. I asked about manioc that is so ^productive in most tropical countries. He said the trouble with manioc was that the ground became so hard that it was difficult to dig the roots, while the canna forms its roots so close to the surface that they are easily harvested. He mentioned as one of the achievements of the station the discovery of the fact that a light ^{spray} ~~spray~~ of iron sulfate would control the blight of the pineapple caused by the excess of mahnesia in the soil, He said there was no statistical organization in the islands.

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At 5 p.m. Dr. Westgate took me to his car to the train and

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E--2823.

vegetable market, and then to my hotel, with the understanding that he would call for me later and take me to the Pan Pacific Scientific Research Institute. On reaching my room I found an invitation from Mr. Ford, president of the Institute, to a supper to be held in the old Castle home in Manu Valley.

Shortly after 6 p.m. Dr. Westgate came for me and we drove through the city and out over the hills overlooking the bay. The road was through a section of beautiful residences and grounds, passed the Academy, and up into a valley. The view from the Castle was magnificent. One could see down the valley and across the bay to the south. The building ^{had} been used as a residence ^{and} ~~was~~ was full of objects of interest, such as weapons, shields, feather mantles, and the like. I was introduced to Mr. Ford and a number of other gentlemen. Dr. Wilcox and his ^wife were there. ~~Several~~ ^{Several} delegates to the congress of the Pan Pacific Union were there, including representatives of the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations for promoting educational and research institutions in the orient. At the supper table each of these gentlemen was called upon to describe the object of his mission and its possibilities, after which Dr. Wilcox gave a formal address on the changes he noted in Hawaii after an absence of thirteen years. He mentioned the association of different races, the Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, Philipinos, and others, and noted that apparently they had become Americanized because they were reading, thinking, and talking English,; they were buying and using American foods and had adopted the American standard of living; and he said that agriculture had made greater advances in Hawaii than in any other country, perhaps because of corporate management which made it possible to apply and utilize the results of scientific research, which would be difficult or impossible with small family farms, ^{partly} ~~partly~~ because the owners of small holdings cannot afford to

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E--2824.

wait for the results of improved methods. He said that the pineapple plantations showed the finest culture he had seen, with not a weed or sign of a weed in thousands of acres, the soil in perfect state of cultivation, every plant spaced properly and in perfect condition, with the result that in thirteen years the average acre yield had been increased from ten to twenty tons, and the planters were looking forward to producing forty tons⁵ per acreⁿ. He said that the sugar planters had a long-time program, and had^a already reduced the time and labor required to produce a crop, and had worked out methods of utilizing^z and reducing waste and obtaining the maximum quantity of sugar per month, the increase since 1910 being at least 100 per cent. That was why he said he believed that Hawaii had made more real progress in agriculture since 1913 than any other country. He expressed the opinion that the tendency would be to increase the size of plantations and use more machinery and factory methods.

Following this address came an animated discussion of a new trap for collecting the eggs of mosquitoes and preventing them from hatching. Before the meeting broke up Mr. Ford expressed regret that there was not time to hear a talk from me on the International Institute of Agriculture and the world agricultural census project, but expressed the hope that I could address the gathering the following Friday.

The supper was a simple one, except for a monster baked fish, the largest I ever saw on a table. It was fully three feet long. The guests ~~gathered about the table~~ were practically all Americans, most of the^m officials or professors, congenial, interested in each others' work, but just a little stiff and formal. I could not help thinking what would be the effect of a bottle of beer or of good wine at each plate. How the muscles of their sober faces

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E--2825.

would have relaxed and smiles and friendly looks would have replaced the austere dignity of their ⁿcountenances; their tongues would have loosened, their wit begin to play, and they would have thawed out like real humans and smiled and laughed together as normal humans should. I have no doubt that every man present drank beer, wine, and other liquors freely when not on the dry and arid soil of puritanical U.S.A. undergoing the rigors of a "noble experiment." I say this simply because I have seen the frigid ice of official and professional and stranger dignity melt under the genial warmth of a little red wine and good fellowship and mutual understanding follow as nature's smiles follow the appearance of the sun. I do not believe that a ²single gentleman present at that meeting was ever drunk or ever would be drunk, ~~but~~ ^{But} and as a respectable citizen and gentleman of the United States he would respect a law, even though he thought ^{it} a mistaken and utterly futile law.

On the return trip Dr. Westgate said he had entered into a cooperative agreement with the new president of the University whereby he was to employ several technical men who would divide their time, half in re~~s~~earch work at the station and half in lecturing at the university. He informed me that he had two sons ^{or} ~~ne~~arly grown and that his w~~if~~e was away.

Saturday, July 30, cloudy, threatening showers, mild and pleasant. After breakfast I went to the ^Postoffice for mail, and ascertained that the Department of Commerce had no representative in Hawaii. I called at the Government House and saw the secretary from whom I got the name^s of officials whom I should see. Also arranged for an interview with the governor. While waiting, I talked with the director of the budget, who ^{ai} ~~s~~aid he was born in Honolulu and had been to China and Japan, but never to the United States. The Secretary loaned me a copy of the Governor's last annual report.

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E--2826.

I was admitted to the presence of the Governor, Mr. Farrington, a middle aged, florid, well dressed, courteous gentleman. When I explained that the object of my mission was to secure the cooperation of all officials and agencies that could contribute to the success of the 1930 agricultural census, he also suggested the names of men I should see. He said that the probable reason the Hawaiian government had no statistical office was because the two principal industries, sugar and pineapples, were well organized and each had a statistical office of its own, so that there was no necessity for a public office. He said that as a part of the United States Hawaii would participate in the 1930 census and he could assure me that the officials of the territorial government would cooperate fully.

I next called on Mr. Henry B. Geidemann, representing the Institute for Government Research, with headquarters in Washington, D.C. He ^{said} ~~said~~ that for many years he was employed in the U.S. Reclamation Service and knew Director Newell, Major King, Mr. Blanchard, and Secretary Lane, with all of whom I was acquainted. He also said that he was in Rome for a year during the war. He said that he had been stationed in Hawaii for three years and had been successful in introducing the budget system and a uniform system of accounting in the cities and towns of the islands. His work was about completed and he expected to return to Washington in a few months. He spoke of political corruption, especially of the Hawaiian element. He said that all the public offices were overmanned and that all efforts to reduce the number of employes were opposed. He spoke of the desirability of the United States entering the League of Nations and of the lamentable failure of President Wilson. He said he was in Paris when President Wilson arrived and that the reception accorded him was incredible. He had talked with many of the men associated with President Wilson on that foreign tour and had

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E--2826.

read the letters of many others and all said that the President ignored his American associates while abroad. In fact he seemed to be~~x~~ jealous of them, even of Colonel House/, and he showed displeasure when they received visits from representatives of other governments. His head seem^ed to be completely turned by the attention he received and he was flattered and easily mislead by the astute foreign diplomats he met.

On the way to the ho~~y~~tel at noon I bought a small pocket monkey wrench, partly because of its apparent convenience, and finish, and partly because I thought it might come in handy on my travels. Also I bought a copy of MaCauley's "Lays of Ancient Rome," which I felt I could appreciate better from having lived in Rome than when I read them as a boy. I had an unsatisfactory luncheon at a restaurant, read a local newspaper, and took a trolley ride out to Waikiki Beach--Saturday afternoon being a half holiday.

The line followed the semicircle of the bay. The Beach is several miles from the city and beyond it is Diamond Point, which is said to be an old vol^xcanic crater. It looks almost barren in comparison with the nearby hills and valleys that are covered with luxuriant vegetation. Some of the nearby mountains were said to receive ~~as~~
xx an annual rainfall of as much as 484 inches, or more than forty feet. But here within a few miles of them was Diamond Point with apparently less than fifteen inches. I got out at the Aquarium. This is a small place with a remarkable collection of fish, some of them of the most fantastic forms and beautiful colors I had ever seen. One velvety blue fish had a head exactly like that of a bird. There were lobsters, crabs, and a fish that resembled a toad. There were eels several inches in diameter and more than three feet long th^xat resembled snakes. The most curious and fascinating specimen of all to me was a small devil

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E--2827.

fish or octopus. It had a small $\forall$ central body and eight arms or tentacles with power to change its form completely and instantly. Most of the time it was motionless, drawn within itself, and blending so in color with its background as to make it difficult to distinguish, but from time to time it would demonstrate its power to move quickly and to shoot out its arms like a flash. At the end of each arm was a group of suckers that could grasp anything they touched, such as a stone or the smooth glass of its cage.

I walked a mile or more beyond the Aquarium along the road that follows the beach but is nearly a city block from it. The space between the road and the beach was occupied by residences so $\times$ that the beach was nowhere accessible to strangers. I continued my walk a mile beyond the end of the trolley line almost to Diamond Point, but seeing no prospect of approaching the beach itself I walked back through a rather hot sun. I was tired and disgusted. The private residences that monopolize the beach were attractive and were surrounded^{ed} by palms and other tropical trees. The only place where the road or the trolley line approaches the beach is in the district of large hotels. In the rear of the largest hotel was an amusement park that was deserted at that hour of the day. The hotel was surrounded by palms. In front was a broad beach of sand and the breakers came rolling in from a great distance. But I saw no voluptuous maidens or romanticⁿ surf riders. In fact the whole area of the much advertised Waikiki Beach^c looked deserted and very commonplace as I saw it.

I returned to the city on the trolley car, rode through the city, and out to the end of the line on the other side. I then understood what Dr. Alsberg meant when he said that Honolulu was only a small town. . At the hotel I had a nap, followed by an unsatisfactory supper. Then I walked from end to end of the town after dark and found

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E--2828.

it quite as deserted and uninteresting as any Spanish town after dark ~~S~~ Sunday, July 31, lovely spring weather. I slept from 11 p.m. the night before straight through to 11 a.m., went ~~without~~ breakfast and had luncheon at noon. Then I started out with my camera to take some pictures. I took some of the Governor's Mansion ~~and~~ and of a nearby hospital.

I continued my walk to the Punch Bowl, a high hill near the town. It can be reached by trolley line and by automobile road, but I was afoot and elected to follow a path that led towards the top. The slopes were steep and covered with cacti and ^d ledges of rock. It was a hot and arduous climb, but a fine view was to be had from the top. On the very top of the bluff of brown corrugated lava was a round table of stone with a bronze tablet top. On the side of the stone table was an inscription to the effect that it was built by means of contributions from the ^upupils of the schools and playgrounds of Honolulu. On the bronze tablet were arrows pointing to the points of the compass. A few feet from the central tablet were concrete pillars and tablets with arrows, names, and figures indicating the direction and distances to principal cities. For example, to the northeast were three tablets reading, "Seattle 2,439," "San Francisco ~~2,091~~ 2, ⁰⁹¹ ~~Pee~~," and "Los Angeles 2,226," miles. A little to the west of south was an arrow pointing to "American Samoa, 2,263." Farther to the west was "Canberra, ^AAustralia, 4,601" miles, and "Tokyo ^I 3,316" miles. Then there was a map indicating local points of interest, such as "Pearl Harbor, ~~xxx~~ 8.6 miles." The view from this elevation was magnificent. To the north were mountains with innumerable sharp peaks clothed from bottom to top with dazzling green over which fleecy white clouds were floating lazily. To the east was a flat plain sloping to the south and west, with houses, ~~and~~ churches, and streets of the city so covered with palms and trees as to look almost like a

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(1928, July, Honolulu.

E;;2829.

forest. This forest verdure ended with Diamond Point or Diamond Back about six miles distant, rising apparently about 500 feet, with barren, redish brown sides, surrounded by the shining sea on all sides but the north and west. A mile or more to the south was the great bay, with a broad beach extending in crescent shape from Diamond Point on the east to Barber's Point on the ~~south~~ west, a distance of about sixteen miles. Upon the broad beach the breakers rolled in a succession of turbulent emerald walls, broke in long onrushing lines of white surf with a roar that could be heard a mile or more inland, and spread in seething white foam over the cream colored beach. Between the city proper and Diamond Point is the famous Waikiki Beach, a long, stately crescent, lined with palms and trees, hotels and attractive residences. Nearly opposite the Punch Bowl on which I sat was the harbor, lined with piers, wharves, and warehouses, and the Aloha Tower with its words of welcome to the ships that enter. Farther west are the great canneries for pineapples, more warehouses, the railway station, and machine shops. Between the mountains and the beach on a flat plain a mile wide and eight miles long is the city of Honolulu. with a population then estimated at 100,000. Farther to the west is Pearl Harbor. Above this harbor to the northwest is a broad flat plain with great plantations of sugar cane. Beyond Pearl Harbor is a range of low mountains that extend down to the sea. and terminate in Barber's point. Altogether it is a wonderful panorama, comparable with that to be seen from the Peak above Hongkong. In the valley above Barber's Point was a military reservation. This Sunday afternoon one lone soldier could be seen on the rifle range shooting at a distant target. He was using smokeless powder and the only indication that he was shooting was his position and the reports that reached me.

At 3 p.m. a party of tourists in automobiles appeared and

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(1927, July, Honolulu.

E--2830.

I scrambled down the steep hillside and entered the city. I was hot and tired and ~~st~~^opped at a restaurant where I indulged in three slices of ripe watermelon. It was very refreshing. Practically all business houses were closed. I was surprised at the number of automobiles on the streets, many of which were operated by Japanese and Chinese drivers. They and their families seemed to enjoy an automobile outing quite as much as other Americans. As a rule they looked bland and smiling.

At the hotel I took a long nap. Again I had a disappointing supper at the American Cafe, where the food and service were inferior and the prices superior. It was the disparity between quality and price that stirred my ire and aggravated my disappointment. If the price had been fifteen or twenty-five cents I could have consoled myself with the thought that I was economizing and had gotten my money's worth; but to have to pay \$1.75 for what could ~~have~~^{have} been obtained in the United States for twenty-five cents seemed like pure imposition and robbery. After the supper I walked the streets in search of cigars and candy. The streets were almost completely deserted. Up to this point Honolulu seemed to me to be about the deadest, dullest, and most uninteresting town I had seen, not excepting even the Latin American towns--after sunset, of course. I returned to my room at 8 p.m. to write letters.

)Mother, August 1, yellow folder.

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Mother, August 1, Yellowknife